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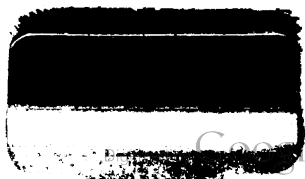
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THE DRAMA

A QUARTERLY REVIEW



**CERTAIN NOBLE PLAYS
OF JAPAN** by Wm. Butler Yeats

THE KING OF THE JEWS
A Passion Play by Maurice Browne

The Pantomime by Prince Serge Wolkonsky

Re-enter: The Soliloquy by Morris Leroy Arnold

The Actor in England by Arthur Pollock

As to Little Theatres by Broughton Tall

The Popular Drama of Japan, II
by Gertrude Emerson

Carl Hauptmann by Amelia von Ende

WAR, A TEDEUM
by Carl Hauptmann

NOV.

No. 24 1916

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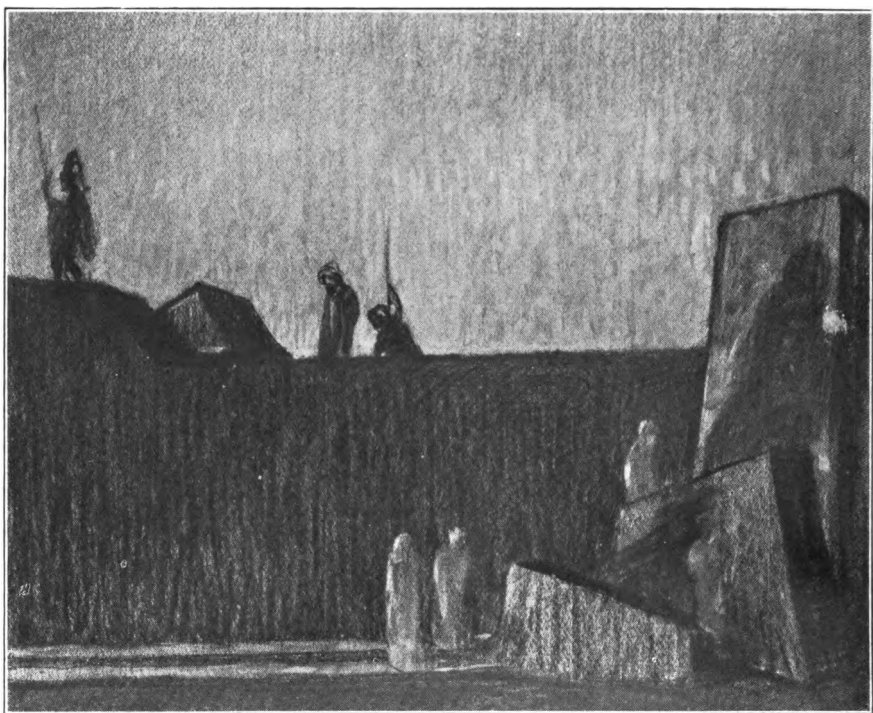
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NEW YORK CITY



DESIGN FOR "THE KING OF THE JEWS," BY C. RAYMOND JOHNSON.
See page 496

THE DRAMA

A Quarterly Review of Dramatic Literature

November, 1916

THE DRAMA

A Quarterly Review of Dramatic Literature

Editor, THEODORE BALLOU HINCKLEY

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1916

CONTENTS

CERTAIN NOBLE PLAYS OF JAPAN, by <i>Wm. Butler Yeats</i>	481
THE KING OF THE JEWS, a Passion Play, by <i>Maurice Browne</i>	497
THE PANTOMIME, by <i>Prince Serge Wol-</i> <i>konsky</i>	530
RE-ENTER: THE SOLILOQUY, by <i>Morris</i> <i>Leroy Arnold</i>	540
THE ACTOR IN ENGLAND, by <i>Arthur Pol-</i> <i>lock</i>	550
AS TO LITTLE THEATRES, by <i>Broughton</i> <i>Tall</i>	560
THE POPULAR DRAMA IN JAPAN II., by <i>Gertrude Emerson</i>	568
CARL HAUPTMANN, by <i>Amelia von Ende</i> ..	582
WAR, A TEDEUM, by <i>Carl Hauptmann</i>	597
A THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE.....	654
BRIEF REVIEWS	656
RECENT MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE DRAMA	659

THE DRAMA

A Quarterly Review of Dramatic Literature

No. 24

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CERTAIN NOBLE PLAYS OF JAPAN

I



IN the series of books I edit for my sister I confine myself to those that have, I believe, some special value to Ireland, now or in the future. I have asked Mr. Pound for these beautiful plays because I think they will help me to explain a certain possibility of the Irish dramatic movement. I am writing these words with my imagination stirred by a visit to the studio of Mr. Dulac, the distinguished illustrator of the *Arabian Nights*. I saw there the mask and headdress to be worn in a play of mine by the player who will speak the part of Cuchulain and who—wearing this noble half Greek, half Asiatic face—will appear perhaps like an image seen by some Orphic worshipper. I hope to have attained at last the distance from life which can make credible strange events and elaborate words. I have written a little play that can be played in a room for so little money that forty or fifty readers of poetry can pay the price. There will be no scenery, for three musicians whose seeming sun-burned faces will, I hope, suggest that they have

wandered from village to village in some country of our dreams, can describe place and weather and, at moments, action, and accompany it all by drum and gong, or flute and dulcimer. Instead of the players working themselves into a violence of passion indecorous in our sitting room, the music, the beauty of form, and voice all come to climax in pantomimic dance.

In fact, with the help of these plays from the manuscripts of Ernest Fenollosa, chosen and finished by Ezra Pound, I have invented a form of drama, distinguished, indirect and symbolic, without need of mob or newspaper notice to pay its way, an aristocratic form. When this play and its performance run as smoothly as my skill can make them, I shall hope to write another of the same sort and so complete a dramatic celebration of the life of Cuchulain planned long ago. Then having given enough performances for, I hope, the pleasure of personal friends and a few score people of good taste, besides, I shall record all discoveries of method and turn to something else. It is an advantage of this noble form that it need absorb no one's life, that its few properties can be packed up in a box or hung upon the walls where they will be fine ornaments.

II

And yet this simplification is not mere economy. For nearly three centuries invention has been making the human voice and the movements of the body seem always less expressive. I have long been puzzled why passages that are moving when read out or spoken during rehearsal seem muffled or dulled during performance. I have simplified scenery, having *The Hour Glass*, for instance, played now before green curtains, now among those admirable ivory-

coloured screens invented by Gordon Craig; and with every simplification, the voice has recovered something of its importance; and yet when verse has approached in temper to let us say *Kubla Khan* or *The Ode to the West Wind*, the most typical modern verse, I have still felt as if the sound came to me from behind a veil. The stage opening, the powerful light and shade, the number of feet between myself and the players have destroyed intimacy. I have found myself thinking of players who needed perhaps but to unroll a mat in some Eastern garden. Nor have I felt this only when I listened to speech, but even more when I have watched the movement of a player or heard singing in a play. I love all the arts that can still remind me of their origin among the common people, and my ears are only comfortable when the singer sings as if mere speech had taken fire, when he appears to have passed into song almost imperceptibly. I am bored and wretched—a limitation I greatly regret—when he seems no longer a human being but an invention of science. To explain him to myself I say that he has become a wind instrument, and sings no longer like active men, sailor or camel driver, because he has had to compete with an orchestra, where the loudest instrument has always survived. The human voice can only become louder by becoming less articulate, by discovering some new musical sort of roar or scream. As poetry can do neither, the voice must be freed from this competition and find itself among little instruments only heard at their best, perhaps, when we are close about them. It should be again possible for a few poets to write as all did once, not for the printed page, but to be sung. But movement also has grown less expressive, more declamatory, less intimate. When I called the other day upon a friend,

I found myself among some dozen people who were watching a group of Spanish boys and girls, professional dancers, dancing some national dance in the midst of a drawing room. Doubtless their training had been long, laborious, and wearisome, but now—one could not be deceived—their movement was full of joy. They were among friends and all seemed but the play of children; how powerful it seemed, how passionate, and an even more miraculous art, separated from us by the footlights, appeared in the comparison, laborious and professional. It is well to be close enough to an artist to feel for him a personal liking, close enough perhaps to feel that our liking is returned.

My play is made possible by a Japanese dancer whom I have seen dance in a studio and in a drawing room and on a very small stage lit by an excellent stage light. In the studio and in the drawing room alone where the lighting was the light we are most accustomed to, did I see him as the tragic image that has stirred my imagination. There was no studied lighting; no stage picture made an artificial world; he was able, as he rose from the door, where he had been sitting cross-legged, or as he threw out an arm, to recede from us into some more powerful life. Because that separation was achieved by human means alone, he receded but to inhabit as it were the deeps of the mind. One realized anew, at every separating strangeness, that the measure of all arts' greatness can be but in their intimacy.

III

All imaginative art keeps at a distance and this distance once chosen must be firmly held against a pushing world. Verse ritual, music and dance in association with action, require that gesture, cos-

tume, facial expression, and stage argument must help in keeping the door. Our unimaginative arts are content to set a piece of the world as we know it in a place by itself, to put their photograph, as it were, in a plush or a plain frame, but the arts which interest me, while seeming to separate from the world and us a group of figures, images, symbols, enable us to pass for a few moments into a deep of the mind that has hitherto been too subtle for our habitation. As a deep of the mind can only be approached through what is most human, most delicate, we should distrust bodily distance, mechanism, and loud noise.

It may be well if we go to school in Asia, for the distance from life in European art has come from little but difficulty with material. In half Asiatic Greece Kallimachos could still return to a stylistic management of the falling folds of drapery after the naturalistic drapery of Phidias, and in Egypt the same age that saw the village Headman carved in wood for burial in some tomb with so complete a naturalism, saw set up in public places statues full of an august formality that implied traditional measurements, a philosophic defence. The spiritual painting of the fourteenth century passed on into Tintoretto, and that of Velasquez into modern painting, with no sense of loss to weigh against the gain; while the painting of Japan, not having our European moon to churn the wits, has understood that no styles that ever delighted noble imaginations have lost their importance, and chooses the style according to the subject. In literature also we have had the illusion of change and progress, the art of Shakespeare passing into that of Dryden and so into the prose drama by what has seemed, when studied in its details, unbroken progress. Had we been

Greeks and so but half European, an honourable mob would have martyred, though in vain, the first man who set up a painted scene or who complained that soliloquies were unnatural, instead of repeating with a sigh, "We cannot return to the arts of childhood, however beautiful." Only our lyric poetry has kept its Asiatic habit and renewed itself at its own youth, putting off perpetually what has been called its progress, in a series of violent revolutions.

Therefore, it is natural that I go to Asia for a stage convention, for more formal faces, for a chorus that has no part in the action, and perhaps for those movements of the body copied from the marionette shows of the fourteenth century. A mask will enable me to substitute for the face of some commonplace player, or for that face repainted to suit his own vulgar fancy, the fine invention of a sculptor, and to bring the audience close enough to the play to hear every inflection of the voice. A mask never seems *but* a dirty face, and no matter how close you go it remains a work of art; nor shall we often lose by the stillness of the features, for deep feeling is expressed by a movement of the whole body. In poetical painting and in sculpture the face seems the nobler for lacking curiosity, alert attention, all that we sum up under the famous word of the realists "vitality." It is even possible that being is only possessed completely by the dead, and that it is some knowledge of this that makes us gaze with so much emotion upon the face of the Sphinx or Buddha. Who can forget the face of Chaliapin as the Mogul King in *Prince Igor* when a mask covering its upper portion made him seem like a Phoenix at the end of its thousand wise years, awaiting in condescension the burning nest; and what did it not gain from that immobility in dignity and in power?

IV

Realism is created for the common people and was always their peculiar delight, and it is the delight to-day of all those whose minds, educated alone by school-masters and newspapers, are without the memory of beauty and emotional subtlety. The occasional humorous realism that so much heightened the emotional effect of Elizabethan tragedy—Cleopatra's old man with a mask, let us say, carrying the tragic crisis by its contrast above the tide mark of Corneille's courtly theatre—was made at the outset to please the common citizen standing on the rushes of the floor; but the great speeches were written by poets who remembered their patrons in the covered galleries. The fanatic Savonarola was but dead a century, and his lamentations in the frenzy of his rhetoric that every prince of the Church or State throughout Europe was wholly occupied with the fine arts had still its moiety of truth. A poetical passage cannot be understood without a rich memory; like the older school of painting, it appeals to a tradition, not merely when it speaks of "Lethe's Wharf" or "Dido on the wild sea banks" but in rhythm and in vocabulary, for the ear must notice slight variations upon old cadences and customary words, all that high breeding of poetical style where there is nothing ostentatious, nothing crude, no breath of parvenu or journalist.

Let us press the popular arts on to a more complete realism, for that would be their honesty and the commercial arts demoralise by their compromise, their incompleteness, their idealism without sincerity or elegance, their pretence that ignorance can understand beauty. In the studio and in the drawing-room we can found a true theatre of beauty.

Poets from the time of Keats and Blake have derived their descent only through what is least declamatory, least popular in the art of Shakespeare, and in such a theatre they will find their habitual audience and keep their freedom. Europe is now very old and has seen many arts run through the circle, has learned the fruit of every flower and known what this fruit sends up. It is time to copy the East and live deliberately.

V

“Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me, taste
From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine
Of a low vineyard or a plant ill-pruned,
But such as anciently the Aegean Isles
Poured in libation at their solemn feasts:
And the same goblets shall ye grasp, emboss'd
With no vile figures or loose languid boors,
But such as Gods have lived with and have led.”

The Noh Theatre of Japan became popular at the close of the fourteenth century, gathering into itself dances performed at Shinto shrines in honor of spirits and gods, and much old lyric poetry by young nobles at the court, and receiving its philosophy and its final shape, perhaps, from priests of the contemplative Buddhism. A small daimio or feudal lord of the ancient capital Nara, a contemporary of Chaucer's, was the author or perhaps only the stage manager of many plays. He brought them to the court of the Shogun at Kioto. From that on, the Shogun and his court were as busy with dramatic poetry as the Mikado and his with lyric. When for the first time *Hamlet* was being played in London, Noh was made a necessary part of official ceremonies at Kioto, and young nobles and princes, forbidden to attend the popular theatre, in Japan as elsewhere

a place of mimicry and naturalism, were encouraged to witness and to perform in spectacles where speech, music, song, and dance created an image of nobility and strange beauty. When the modern revolution came, Noh, after a brief unpopularity, was played for the first time in certain ceremonious public theatres, and in 1897 a battleship was named Takasago, after one of the most famous plays. Some of the old noble families are to-day very poor, their men it may be but servants and laborers, but they still frequent the Noh theatres. "Accomplishment," the word means, and it is their accomplishment and that of a few cultivated people who understand the literary and mythological allusions and the ancient lyrics quoted in speech or chorus; an accomplishment and a discipline, a part of their breeding. The players themselves, unlike the despised players of the popular theatres, have passed proudly from father to son an elaborate art, and even now a player will publish his family tree to prove his skill. One player wrote in 1906 in a business circular—I am quoting from Mr. Pound's redaction of the notes of Fenollosa—that after thirty generations of nobles a woman of his house dreamed that a mask was carried to her from Heaven; and soon after she bore a son, who became a player and the father of players. His family, he declared, still possessed a letter from a fifteenth century Mikado, conferring upon them a theatre-curtain, white below and purple above.

There were five families of these players, who, forbidden before the Revolution to perform in public, had received grants of land or salaries from the state. The white and purple curtain was no doubt to hang upon a wall behind the players or over their entrance door, for the Noh stage is a platform surrounded upon three sides by the audience. No nat-

uralistic effect is sought. The players wear masks and found their movements upon those of puppets—the most famous of all Japanese dramatists composed entirely for puppets—a swift or a slow movement and a long or short stillness, and then another movement. They sing as much as they speak and there is a chorus which describes the scene and interprets their thought and never becomes, as in the Greek theatre, a part of the action. At the climax, instead of the disordered passion of nature, there is a dance, a series of positions and movements which may represent a battle or a marriage or the pain of a ghost in the Buddhist purgatory. I have lately studied certain of these dances with Japanese players, and I notice that their ideal of beauty, unlike that of Greece, and like that of the pictures of Japan and China, makes them pause at moments of muscular tension. The interest is not in the human form—but in the rhythm to which it moves, and the triumph of their art is to express the rhythm in its intensity. There are few swaying movements of arms or body—such as make the beauty of our dancing. They move from the hip, keeping almost still the upper part of their body, and seeming to associate with every gesture or pose some definite thought. They cross the stage with a sliding movement and one gets the impression, not of undulation, but of continuous straight lines.

As the Print Room of the British Museum is now closed as a war economy, I can only write from memory of colour prints—of a stage where a ship is represented by a mere skeleton of willows or ozers painted green, or a fruit tree by a bush in a pot, and where actors have tied on their masks with ribbons that are gathered into a bunch behind the head. It is a child's game become the most noble poetry.

There is no observation of life because the poet would set before us all those things which we feel and imagine in silence.

Mr. Pound has found among the Fenollosa manuscripts a story traditional among Japanese players. A young man was following a stately old woman through the streets of a Japanese town, and presently she turned to him and spoke:—"Why do you follow me?" "Because you are so interesting." "That is not so; I am too old to be interesting." But he wished, he told her, to become a player of old women on the Noh stage and was studying her. "If you would become famous as a Noh player," she said, "you must not observe life. You must not put on an old voice and stint the music of your speech. You must know how to suggest the old woman and yet find it all in the heart."

VI

In the plays themselves I discover a beauty or a subtlety that I can trace perhaps to their threefold origin. The love sorrows, the love of father and daughter, of mother and son, of boy and girl, may owe their poignancy to a court, but he to whom the adventures happen, a traveller commonly from some distant place, is most often a Buddhist priest; and the occasional intellectual subtlety is perhaps Buddhist. The adventure itself is often the meeting with ghost, god or goddess at some holy place or much-legended tomb; and god, goddess or ghost remind me at times of our own Irish legends and beliefs—which once it may be, differed little from those of the Shinto worshipper. The feather mantle for whose lack the moon goddess—or should we call her fairy?—cannot return to the sky is the red cap whose theft can keep our fairies of the sea upon dry

land; and the ghost lovers in *Nishikigi* remind me of the Aran boy and girl who in Lady Gregory's story come to the priest after death to be married. These Japanese poets, too, feel for tomb and wood the emotion, the sense of awe, that our Gaelic speaking country people will sometimes show when you speak to them of Cric mau or of some Holy Well; and that is why, perhaps, it pleases them to begin so many plays with a traveller asking his way with many questions, a convention agreeable to me, for when I first began to write poetical plays for an Irish theatre, I had to put away an ambition of helping to bring again to certain places their own sanctity or their romance. I could lay the scene of a play "on Baile's Strand," but I found no pause in the hurried action for description of strand or sea, or the great yew tree that once stood there, and I could not in *The King's Threshold* find room, before I began the ancient story, to call up the shallow river, and the fir trees and rocky fields of modern Gort. But in the *Nishikigi*, the tale of the lovers would lose its pathos if we did not see that forgotten tomb where "the hiding fox" lives among "the orchids and the chrysanthemum flowers." The men who created this convention were more like ourselves than were the Greeks and Romans, more like us even than were Shakespeare and Corneille. Their emotion was self-conscious and reminiscent, always associating itself with pictures and poems. They measured all that time had taken or would take away and found their delight in remembering celebrated lovers in the scenery pale passion loved. They travelled, seeking for the strange and for the picturesque:—"I go about with my heart set upon no particular place . . . no more than a cloud. . . . I wonder now would the sea be that way, or the little place Kefu that they

say is stuck down against it." When a traveller asks his way of girls upon the roadside, he is directed to find it by certain pine trees, which he will recognise because many people have drawn them.

I wonder am I fanciful in discovering in the plays themselves—few examples have as yet been translated and I may be misled by accident or the idiosyncrasy of some poet—a playing upon a single metaphor, as deliberate as the echoing rhythm of line in Chinese and Japanese painting. In the *Nishikigi* the ghost of the girl lover carries the cloth she went on weaving out of grass when she should have opened the chamber door to her lover, and woven grass returns again and again in metaphor and incident. The lovers, now that in an aery body they must sorrow for unconsummated love, are "tangled up as the grass patterns are tangled." Again they are like an unfinished cloth: "these bodies, having no weft, even now are not come together, truly a shameful story, a tale to bring shame on the gods." Before they can bring the priest to the tomb they spend the day "pushing aside the grass from the overgrown ways in Kefu," and the countryman who directs them is "cutting grass on the hill," and when at last the prayer of the priest unites them in marriage, the bride says that he has made "a dream-bridge over wild grass, over the grass I dwell in," and in the end bride and bridegroom show themselves for a moment "from under the shadow of the love grass."

In *Hagoromo* the feather mantle of the fairy woman creates also its rhythm of metaphor. In the beautiful day of opening spring "the plumage of Heaven drops neither feather nor flame," "nor is the rock of earth over-much worn by the brushing of the feathery skirt of the stars." One half-remembers a thousand Japanese paintings, whichever

comes first into the memory—that screen painted by Korin, let us say, shown lately at the British Museum, where the same form is echoing in wave and in cloud and in rock. In European poetry I remember Shelley's continually repeated fountain and cave, his broad stream and solitary star. In neglecting character, which seems to us essential in drama, the writers of Noh resemble the artists who by arranging flowers in a vase in a thin row and neglecting relief and depth have made possible a hundred lovely intricacies.

VII

These plays arose in an age of continual war and became a part of the education of soldiers. These soldiers, whose natures had as much of Walter Pater as of Achilles, combined with Buddhist priests and women to elaborate life into a ceremony; the playing of ball, the drinking of tea, and all great events of state, becoming a ritual. In the painting that decorated their walls and in the poetry they recited, one discovers the only sign of a great age that cannot deceive us, the most vivid and subtle discrimination of sense and the invention of images more powerful than sense—the continual presence of reality. It is still true that the Deity gives us, according to his promise, not his thoughts or his convictions, but his flesh and blood, and I believe that the elaborate technique of the arts, seeming to create out of itself a superhuman life, has taught more men to die than oratory or the Prayer Book. We believe only in those thoughts which have been conceived not in the brain but in the whole body. The Minoan soldier who bore upon his arm the shield ornamented with the dove, now in the Museum at Crete, or had upon his head the helmet with the winged horse, knew his rôle in life. Nobuzane painting the child saint, Kobo

Daishi kneeling full of sweet austerity upon the flower of the lotus, set up before our eyes exquisite life and the acceptance of death.

I cannot imagine those young soldiers and the women they loved pleased with the ill-breeding and theatricality of Carlyle, nor, I think, with the magniloquence of Hugo—these things belong to an industrial age, a mechanical sequence of ideas; but when I remember that curious game which the Japanese called with a confusion of the senses that had seemed typical of our own age, “listening to incense,” I know that some among them would have understood the prose of Walter Pater, the painting of Puvis de Chavannes, the poetry of Mallarmé and Verlaine. When heroism returned to our age, it bore with it as its first gift—technical sincerity.

VIII

For some weeks now I have been elaborating my play in London, where alone I can find the help I need—Mr. Dulac’s mastery of design and Mr. Ito’s genius of movement; yet it pleases me to think that I am working for my own country. Perhaps some day a play in the form I am adapting for European purposes, shall awake once more, whether in Gaelic or in English, under the slope of Slieve-na-Mon or Croagh Patrick, ancient memories, for this form has no need of scenery that runs away with money, nor of a theatre building. Yet I know that I only amuse myself with a fancy, for though my writings if they be seaworthy must put to sea, I cannot tell where they may be carried by the wind. Are not the fairy stories of Oscar Wilde, which were written for Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Shannon and for a few ladies, very popular in Arabia?

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

THE KING OF THE JEWS

A PASSION PLAY

PERSONS OF THE PLAY IN THE ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCE

A sentry.

An executioner.

Three condemned persons.

Guards with their captain.

MARY.

Five Galilean women.

CAIAPHAS.

JUDAS.

PONTIUS PILATE and his attendants.

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THE KING OF THE JEWS

[The scene is the foot of Calvary before dawn. The action of the play occupies an entire day, the passage of time being marked by the choric interludes.]

[The sentry is at his post. The executioner, the three condemned persons, and their guards enter from the city.]

SENTRY. Halt. Who goes there?

EXECUTIONER. A thief, a pimp, and a madman; three gibbets, a hammer and sundry nails; little Ladybird, at your service; and the captain of the guard, God bless him, a-bringing up the rear of the parade.

CAPTAIN. Now, then, get on there.

EX. Yes, Captain. No offence, Captain. Git up, you swine. *[To sentry.]* Blasted cold morning. Blasted cold morning, I said. Well, you needn't be so damned surly.

[They go out toward Calvary. MARY enters from the city.]

SENTRY. Now then, mother, what do *you* want?—No, you can't go by there. Governor's orders. No; it's against orders, I tell you. Eh? What's that you say? Your son? Well, I can't help that. Orders is orders. Your only son? Yes, that's a bit thick, but I have my instructions. Yes, I know, but..... Now you keep a stiff upper lip, mother. I can't let you by: it's as much as my job is worth. Yes, I

know, I know. My old woman, she used to.....
Look here, mother, you go and sit over there. Then
you can see him, anyhow.

[*The Galilean women enter from the city, chanting
in antiphony.*]

CHORUS. He is despised and rejected of men:
A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief;
And we hid as it were our faces from him:
He was despised, and we befriended him not.
He is oppressed, and he is afflicted:
Yet hath he opened not his mouth.
He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter:
And as a sheep before her shearers he is dumb.
He is taken as a lamb of sacrifice:
They have led the lamb of God to the place of blood.
They have taken him from prison and from judgment:
They have taken away my Lord and have set him up
on high.
He is stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted:
He hath made his grave with the wicked, and with the
evildoers in his death.
Yet hath he done no violence, neither is there any
deceit in his mouth:
He is wounded for our transgressions, he is bruised
for our iniquities.
He is cut off out of the land of the living; for the
transgression of my people is he stricken:
All we like sheep have gone astray; and the Lord
hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

[*The executioner enters.*]

Ex. Well, that's done. Bloody job. On a cold
morning, too. That bloke in the middle. Like a
blasted sheep. It ain't no fun stringing 'em up,

unless they struggles a bit. What I wants to know is—[*He stumbles against MARY.*] Now, then, old 'un; look where you're going, can't you? What d'you want, taking up all the—

SENTRY. That's his mother.

EX. His mother? Whose mother? Godmother! What the sniffing Hebrew does *she* want sitting over the place like a bloody mushroom?

SENTRY. *His* mother.

EX. What? that bloke's? the struck sheep?—Beg your pardon, mum. No offence meant.—Well, why can't she say something? I asked her pardon, didn't I?—Well, of all the....Sanguinary old image. What I wants to know is why the—Well, you *are* a surly swine. Calls yourself a Roman? Pink-faced son of a gory lobster. Pink whiskered orphan of a green cockatoo. Calls hisself a Roman? I'd make a better Roman than him out o' potato peelings and an old shoelace. I'd make a better Roman out of a bit o' string and a dead bluebottle. Calls hisself a Roman? Roman! You calls yourself a—[*Seeing the Galilean women.*] Hello girls. Didn't see *you* before. Taking a morning promenade? Sort o' sunrise saunter, what? Guess I'm the early worm, all right. Gobble, chickens.—Well, can't you give a fellow a civil answer? Ain't none of you got a tongue in your heads? Well, of all the....Strike me purple. Sanguinary set of images. What's the use o' trying to be pleasant? Suppose you think you're on a purple pedestal, eh? Sort o' meet me by moonlight alone in the Emperor's art gallery, eh? [*CAIAPHAS enters from the city.*] With a gilt frame, and a swell to show you round, and a la-di-da Greek guy to—Beg your pardon, my lord.

CAIAPHAS. Is your work done?

EX. Yes, my lord. Till sunset.

CAIAPHAS. Then go. [*The executioner goes.*] [*To MARY.*] Now, then, my good woman, what are you doing here? Don't you know you have no business—

SENTRY. Begging your pardon, my lord. That's his mother, my lord.

CAIAPHAS. His mother?—Ah. Yes. Just so. Just so. Dear me. Dear me. Well.....Well.....You may stay where you are.—Very unfortunate. Yes. Too bad. Too bad. Has everything been carried out properly?

SENTRY. Yes, my lord.

CAIAPHAS. That's right. No—disturbance of any kind? No—rioting?

SENTRY. None, my lord.

CAIAPHAS. No, of course not. Of course not. Where is—where are—the—malefactors?

SENTRY. There, my lord.

CAIAPHAS. How very unpleasant. Yes. I see. Dear me; it is really most unfortunate. The whole affair is most regrettable. I deplore violence. But the sanctity of the Church.....and the dignity of the Law.....require.....at all costs.....certainly. At all costs. Otherwise Society.....No, of course it would never do. But it makes me very unhappy: very sad. That poor woman too: her son. Dear, dear.

SENTRY. Her only son too, my lord—

CAIAPHAS. No, no—

SENTRY. So she said.

CAIAPHAS. Not really? You don't say so. How—how very unfortunate. And those other.....those two other men.....They must have mothers too?

SENTRY. Don't know, my lord.

CAIAPHAS. No, no. Naturally not. Poor people. The ways of God are inscrutable.

SENTRY. Yes, my lord.

CAIAPHAS. Did you ever.....did you know thisthis poor woman's son, this.....Jesus?

SENTRY. Heard him speak once, my lord. Down in the city it was, five or six days ago.

CAIAPHAS. Yes?

SENTRY. Just come into the city, my lord. So they said. Him and a lot of his followers. Galileans they called 'em.

CAIAPHAS. He came from Galilee.

SENTRY. Yes, my lord, that's what they called 'em, Galileans. Poor folk they was, fishers and the like, but very happy, my lord, all singing and laughing and waving boughs and throwing flowers. Very happy. All except him, my lord.

CAIAPHAS. Yes?

SENTRY. A sad sort of look he had, my lord. Solemn. You'd have said he knew what was laying up for him. Very sad and very quiet he was, but smiling a little.

CAIAPHAS. Smiling?

SENTRY. Yes, my lord. A queer sort of a smile. Gentle like. As much as to say, "Let 'em be happy while they can." I reckon he knew all right. Yes, I reckon he knew.

CAIAPHAS. And then?

SENTRY. Then they all went up the steps of the temple, my lord, cheering him. Laughing and singing they was, and dancing. And he stood there. And then they all began shouting, calling for him to speak. But he just stood there. Strange, that way he smiled. I guess he knew something.

CAIAPHAS. Well?

SENTRY. Yes, my lord. And then someone shouted out very loud—that Judas it was, my lord, the fellow they say betrayed him. That was a low-down trick,

if you'll pardon me for being so free, my lord; a dirty trick—if he did it. But somehow it's hard to believe as how he did: there was a light that day in his eyes; all bright and shining they was, like as if he'd seen something. A fine upstanding young fellow he was too, with red hair, and so glad and proud he seemed you'd have said he—

CALAPHAS. What did he shout, this. . . . what did you say his name was?—this. . . . Judas?

SENTRY. Yes, my lord. Judas, that's his name. Iscariot they called him.

CALAPHAS. From Kerioth.

SENTRY. Yes, my lord. That's what they called him, Iscariot. A fine lad he was, very free in his manners, a gentleman as you might say, tossing his head, and laughing, and with that light in his eyes.

CALAPHAS. What was it he shouted?

SENTRY. Yes, my lord. It was like this. There that Jesus stood,—him that's hanging there now,—up on top of the steps. And all the rest was down below him, shouting and cheering and waving their hands and holding up the little tots to see. And this Judas he come pushing through the crowd,—not rough, my lord, but masterful like, as you might say, —and stood on the step below Jesus, holding out both his hands, and with such a look on his face,—radiant you might say it was, my lord; and this Jesus, he put out his hands, and took both the hands of Judas. And when that Jesus' hands took his, that Judas he just caught hold of 'em like as if he'd never let 'em go, and—would you believe it, my lord?—all of a sudden he dropped to his knees and started kissing the hands of Jesus; and all the people shouted themselves hoarse, and threw up their caps, and cheered louder than ever. And—

CALAPHAS. Yes, but what did this Judas shout?

SENTRY. That's what I'm telling you, my lord; for this Judas, he jumped to his feet, and threw his arms up, and shouted louder than 'em all, "Hail, King of the Jews!"

CALAPHAS. Ah.

SENTRY. That's what he shouted, my lord. And then—

CALAPHAS. That was it.

SENTRY. And then, my lord—

CALAPHAS. And for that they crucified him. For blasphemy and sedition.

SENTRY. But it was Judas, my lord, who—

CALAPHAS. It was Jesus whom they crucified.—I have been interested in your story, my man, but you must not forget that this Jesus, this malefactor hanging here, was found guilty of sedition and of blasphemy. And for that he was—very properly—crucified.

SENTRY. Yes, my lord, I know that was what the judges said, but.....

CALAPHAS. Well?

SENTRY. I hope you'll pardon me for being so free, my lord?

CALAPHAS. Go on.

SENTRY. Well, it's like this, my lord. After this Judas had shouted.....well, what I told you just now, my lord, Jesus, he lifted up his hand, and all the people fell silent at once, and he began to speak to them.

CALAPHAS. Jesus?

SENTRY. Yes, my lord. Very gentle his voice was, very gentle, but strong too,—authoritative, as you might say. You could tell that by the way the people listened to him.

CALAPHAS. Go on.

SENTRY. It put me in mind of the sea, his voice did. On a calm day. When the little ripples hardly seems to break on the shore, but you know there's all the power of the tides behind 'em, moving there, moving. *He* put me in mind of a woman, he did, so quiet he stood there, and smiling, and sorrowful.

CAIAPHAS. What did he say?

SENTRY. I can hear his voice now, as you might say. So still it was. "My kingdom is not of earth,"—that's what he said, my lord. "My kingdom is not of earth." That's why I don't see how the judges—

CAIAPHAS. It is not your business to see.

SENTRY. No, my lord, of course not. The judges know best. But that's what he said.

"My kingdom is not of earth. Come unto me,
All ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I
Will give you rest."

CAIAPHAS. That will do.

SENTRY. Yes, my lord. I hope you'll pardon me for being so free, my lord. But he had a way with him, that Jesus.

CAIAPHAS. A way which led there.

SENTRY. Yes, my lord. The judges knew best, of course.—Begging your pardon, my lord, but there's a man coming up the hill there from the city. It looks like. . . . why, it's that Judas, my lord, him as I've been telling you about.

CAIAPHAS. Ah, really?

SENTRY. Yes, it's him sure enough. A dirty dog, if what they says is true. But there was a light in his eyes that day—

CAIAPHAS. I will speak to this Judas myself. You may return to your duties.

SENTRY. Yes, my lord. I hope you'll pardon me for being so free, my lord. I didn't mean—

CAIAPHAS. There is no harm done.

SENTRY. Thank you, my lord.

CAIAPHAS. You may stay within call.

SENTRY. Yes, my lord. Thank you, my lord.

[*The sentry goes out toward Calvary. JUDAS enters from the city.*]

CAIAPHAS. You have come for payment?—I asked
If you had come for payment.

JUDAS. I have come

For payment.

CAIAPHAS. Here is the price agreed.

JUDAS. The price

Agreed.

CAIAPHAS. You had better count it.

JUDAS. Count the price,

Yes, I am counting it. One—two—three—four—

One—two—three—four—

CAIAPHAS. Count carefully.

JUDAS. There are

Thirty pieces of silver.

CAIAPHAS. The price agreed.

JUDAS. There are thirty pieces of silver here in
my hand.

CAIAPHAS. That was the price agreed.

JUDAS. Thirty pieces

Of silver.

CAIAPHAS. Payment is made.

JUDAS. Payment is made.—

You lie.

CAIAPHAS. I—

JUDAS. Payment is not made.

CAIAPHAS. It is in your hand.

JUDAS. Payment is in my hand.

There are thirty pieces of silver in my hand.

CAIAPHAS. The price agreed.

JUDAS. Payment is not made.

CALAPHAS. You need not ask for more. You will
get no more.

Understand that. You will get no more than the price
Agreed: thirty pieces of silver.

JUDAS.

I came

For payment.

CALAPHAS. You have had your payment.

JUDAS.

I came

For payment.

CALAPHAS. You have your payment there in your
hand:

Thirty pieces of silver. That is all you will get.

Understand clearly. It is useless to ask for more.

You had better take your payment and go.

JUDAS.

I came

To pay.

CALAPHAS. To pay? What do you mean?

JUDAS.

I came

To make payment.

CALAPHAS. I do not understand.

JUDAS. You do not understand.

CALAPHAS.

I have no wish

To be harsh with you. You have done what you had
to do.

JUDAS. I have done what I had to do.

CALAPHAS.

You have done it well,

And you have done well. I am satisfied. But this

Talk of payment with the money in your hand,

Thirty pieces of silver, the price agreed,

Is quite unprofitable. And, while I have

No wish to be harsh, I must really ask you to go

Now, if you please.

JUDAS.

Where?

CALAPHAS.

How should I know

Where you are going?

JUDAS.

Yet you should know.

CAIAPHAS. If you do not go at once, I will call the guard.

JUDAS. Does he do what he has to do? Does he do it well?

CAIAPHAS. He will do what I tell him. He is there within call.

JUDAS. [*Seeing the crucified.*] O my God. Yes, he has done it well.

CAIAPHAS. Now will you go?

JUDAS. He has done it better than I.

CAIAPHAS. What do you mean?

JUDAS. What is this in my hand?

CAIAPHAS. The price agreed.

JUDAS. Thirty.....

Thirty pieces of silver.

The price of—

Ah.....[*He lets the money fall.*]

Now I remember.

CAIAPHAS. Ho, guard! guard! quick!

[*The sentry enters.*]

Watch that man. He—

I think perhaps he is mad.

Speak to him.

You had better tell him to go.

SENTRY. Now, then, sir, you can't stay here, you know. Wake up, sir, wake up.—He seems in some kind of a trance, my lord.

CAIAPHAS. Dear me, dear me. How very unfortunate. This is really most distressing. I hardly know.....Pick up that money, please.—Really, I am quite at a loss.....Such an attractive looking lad.....And that poor woman, too.....Dreadful. Dreadful. If I thought—Oh no, no, no. That would never do.....Inscrutable are thy ways, O Lord.

SENTRY. [*With money.*] My lord.

CAIAPHAS. Give it to him.

SENTRY.—He doesn't take it, my lord.

[*PILATE enters from the city, attended.*]

CAIAPHAS. Well.....well.....Perhaps you had better give it to me.—One, two, three, four..... One—two—three—four.....There are only twenty-nine pieces of silver here. There should be thirty.

SENTRY. Thirty, my lord? Perhaps.....It may have rolled away.

CAIAPHAS. That is possible.

SENTRY. Ah, here it is, my lord.

CAIAPHAS. Ah. That is satisfactory. Thank you. Thank you.—What is it?—

Oh, your excellency.....I had not—observed.....

PILATE. I fear I interrupted your accounts. It is apt to happen in Jerusalem.

Let that be my excuse.—Who is this man?

CAIAPHAS. Judas, your excellency.

PILATE.

Ah. He is ill.—

This woman?

CAIAPHAS. Some—peasant, your excellency. Really I do not.....Some poor old.....A tramp, perhaps.

PILATE. Who is this woman?

CAIAPHAS. His mother, your excellency. The mother of Jesus.

PILATE. Has all been carried out As ordered?

CAIAPHAS. Yes, your excellency.

SENTRY.

Yes sir.

PILATE. [*To MARY.*] Madam, you would be wiser not to wait

Here. For your own sake. And for his.—

[*To sentry.*]

Set water by her.

[*The sentry sets water by MARY.*]

PILATE. [*To the sentry and the attendant.*] You may go. [*The sentry and attendants go out towards Calvary.*]

[*To CAIAPHAS.*]

My lord,

What does this mean?

CAIAPHAS. I assure you, your excellency,
I am altogether—

JUDAS. One—two—three—four—
Drop after drop—
Why are they not white?
Silver should be white.
But these are red.
They are red like gold.
They are redder than gold.
They are red like—

One—two—three—four—
The cowards!
How they slunk away:
Slinking like dogs:
The chosen people.
Not one of them—not one—
Yes: Peter.
Peter drew his sword:
The only man among them.
But he sheathed it again,
When he bade him.
He bade him.

One—two—three—four—
What was it he said?
“Before the cock crow”.....
Peter!
Not one of them.

We were fifty thousand:
Fifty thousand Jews in Jerusalem.
And they had one legion:
One:
Scarcely a thousand men.
Fifty thousand: fifty thousand.
And not one of them.....

PILATE. I begin to understand.

JUDAS. Ah, do you understand?
He did not understand,
With his white hands and his soft throat,
He did not understand.
I have come to pay, sir. I have come to pay.
To the last farthing.

CALAPHAS. Your excellency, had I better not call
the guard?

PILATE. Stand back, my lord. I understand this
man.

JUDAS. Yes, I think you understand.
And you do not smile.
He smiles: he is always smiling.
But he is not glad:
He is frightened:
The high priest of Israel:
Of the chosen people.
Are you frightened?

PILATE. Am I a Jew?

JUDAS. I am a Jew,
And I am not frightened.
I used not to be frightened.

PILATE. Listen to me. His own
Nation and the chief priests delivered him
To me. His people delivered him to me.

JUDAS. I trusted that it had been he
Who should have redeemed Israel.

PILATE. You are a Jew and, as I think, a Jew
Who loves his country. They, as you have found,
Are rare. You have been plotting. Well, the plot
Ends; as all plots against Rome end.
Rome rules.

CAIAPHAS. Your excellency knows
We have no king but Caesar.

PILATE. I do not think
You have been plotting against Rome, my lord.
Without Rome it might be that Caiaphas
Were not high priest of Israel.

CAIAPHAS. You are
Unjust, your excellency. If you had let
This man go, you had not been Caesar's friend.
"Whoever makes himself a king," your law—
Rome's law—says, "Whosoever makes himself
A king, speaks against Caesar."

PILATE. You brought this man to me, as one that
had
Perverted the people. And I examined him
Before you, and I found no fault in him
Touching those things whereof he was accused
By you. I found no cause of death in him.
I found in him no fault at all. And you
Took him and crucified him. Behold the man.
I am innocent of the blood of this just man.
See ye to it.

CAIAPHAS. His blood be upon us
And on our children. Pilate, if he had
Not been a malefactor, we would not have
Delivered him up to you.

JUDAS. I trusted that it had been he
Who should have redeemed Israel.

CAIAPHAS. Israel does not need redeeming, sir.
The Lord of Hosts is with us.

JUDAS. I have sinned in that I have betrayed the
innocent blood.

CAIAPHAS. What is that to us? See thou to that.

PILATE. Gently, my lord. Though this man is a
Jew,

He has, it seems, some Roman qualities,
And may learn others. He may learn the first
And last and only duty of a man,
Respect for law: the law that made and keeps
Caiaphas priest of Israel; the law
That nailed this Galilean to that cross;
The law that set me here to guard the law;
The law of Rome.

CAIAPHAS. There is another law,
Pilate, beside the law of Rome, a law
That Rome acknowledges, the law of God,
Our law; and by that law a man should die
Who has blasphemed. That man dying there
Declared himself the son of God; he dies
Justly. The Lord of Hosts does not beget
Sons by a peasant woman in Galilee.

JUDAS. I trusted that it had been he
Who should have redeemed Israel.

PILATE. You are not frightened now, my lord.

CAIAPHAS. I am
Not frightened now. Often the flesh is weak,
And we are all sinful. But the Lord
Reigneth, the Lord of Hosts; and Rome, and you,
Pilate, are in His hands,
Even as Jerusalem is in His hands,
And all Judæa, and this poor broken boy,
And this unhappy woman, and I, and he
Who hangs there dying.

PILATE. My lord, I ask your pardon.
I fear I have misjudged you. Though your law
Is not my law, your God is not my God,

Yet I believe we both have sought to serve
A common purpose.

CAIAPHAS. It was a Roman said,
"Truth is mighty and it shall prevail."

PILATE. What is truth?—Sentry!

[*The sentry enters.*]

Remain here on guard.
Supply this woman's needs. And summon me,
If necessary.—Shall we go, my lord?

[*PILATE and CAIAPHAS go out toward Calvary.*]

JUDAS. I trusted that it had been he
Who should have redeemed Israel.
I trusted that.....

O my God.

One—two—three—four—

O my beloved, my beloved.

CHORUS. FIRST WOMAN.

Galilee, Galilee, Galilee,

Lovely land where a child I played,
Are thy meadows green as they used to be,
The dancing floor in the woodland glade?
Is the glory still on river and hill,
And the light on the upland pasture still,
And the little stream where the fishers wade,

ALL THE WOMEN.

In Galilee, in Galilee?—

SECOND WOMAN.

The light on the upland lingers yet,

But the glory is gone from the bending bough;
The shadows lengthen; the sun has set;

Though the grass is green, there is no dance now;
The dancers seem like motes in a dream;
There are no trout left in the little stream,

And my heart is hungry for home, O thou
Whose eyes are wet, whose eyes are wet.—

FIRST WOMAN.

Ichabod, Ichabod, where have they gone,
The dreams and the dances of yesterday?—

SECOND WOMAN.

The glory has gone, has gone. There is none
May call it again. It has passed away.—

FIRST WOMAN.

Call ye never so loudly; call
All together, a last long call.—

ALL THE WOMEN.

I am calling, calling. Come they?

SECOND WOMAN.

There is answer none. There is answer nay,
none.

FIRST WOMAN.

Memory, memory, memory,
Take me and make me a child, for still
I hear the voices calling me,
Over the meadow, behind the hill.—

SECOND WOMAN.

We are even as a sleep, and deep to deep
Calleth in vain in a world of sleep.—

FIRST WOMAN.

But the voices of children haunt the hill

ALL THE WOMEN.

In Galilee, in Galilee.

JUDAS. You understand;

You hanging there

On the cross.

You always understand,

And you smile.

You are not smiling now,

You whom I love

And have crucified;

My king:

My brother :
My beloved.

You know how I love you :
How I loved you and always have loved you,
Jesus : Jesus.

I love you ;
And I have crucified you ;

I : Iscariot ;

I : the traitor ;

I : Judas.

Your body is writhen
With agony.

It is all twisted
And broken.

Your hands are broken
And bloody

With the nails
Driven right through the palms,

Right through,

Into the wood.

The fingers of your hands
Are broken.

They are bleeding
From blows from the hammer.

Your feet
Are not like human feet

Any more :

One on top of the other,
With a great nail right through them,

Right through,

Into the wood :

Your feet

That I have kissed.

Your forehead
Is bleeding and tortured

With the thorns.
The blood has trickled down
Into your eyes.
The joist between your legs
Is filthy with blood
And sweat
And excrement.
You are exposed,
Uncovered:
You, a virgin.
You have—
It is men who do these things
To men?

Is it I who have done this thing;
I: Iscariot;
I: the traitor;
I: Judas;
I: a man; to a man;
To my brother;
To my beloved;
To my king.

I thought I could force you
To declare yourself king;
King of our people;
King of our country
That we loved:
King of the Jews.
I thought I could force you
By betraying you.
When they came to take you,
I thought,
Then you would raise your hand.
Then, surely, at last, you would raise your hand.
You needed only to raise your hand:

And they would come flocking.
Fifty thousand: fifty thousand.
And Rome had one thousand:
Scarcely one thousand.
It could not fail.
Even if you did not raise your hand,
It could not fail:
They loved you so.
It failed.

It is I who understand now,
Jesus.
I understand why you always smiled at me.
I understand why you did not raise your hand.
I understand
Too late.

"My kingdom is not of earth."
How often you said it;
And I used to laugh at you:
I laughed at you.
"My kingdom is not of earth."
And I offered you an earthly kingdom,
I offered you the kingdom of Judæa,
You who had the Kingdom of Heaven
Within you.
I understand now,
Jesus.

It is a little thing that I have betrayed you, Jesus:
A little thing, and it will be forgotten.
You and I will be forgotten, Jesus.
We go down together, unremembered.
But I have betrayed a greater thing than you:
I have betrayed God.
Not the God in you: I could not betray that;

It could not be betrayed.
I have betrayed the God in myself;
I: Judas: the traitor.

[*To the sentry.*]

Give me that little piece of rope.—
I shall not ask anything of any human being
Any more.—
I thank you.

All is said.
Farewell, you whom I love.
Farewell.

[*He goes out toward the garden.*]

CHORUS.

There is a darkness coming up over the air,
And a wind rising.
My heart is heavy within me:
I am sore troubled.

THE VOICE OF CHRIST.

Verily I say unto thee,
Today thou art with me in paradise.

CHORUS.

Did ye hear a voice far off,
A voice like the sea?
“Today thou art with me in paradise
Verily.”

THE VOICE OF CHRIST.

Father, forgive them;
For they know not what they do.

CHORUS.

O kingly! O crowned with thorns
For a diadem!
“Father, they know not what they do:
Forgive them.”

THE VOICE OF CHRIST. I thirst.

CHORUS.

Behold, there is a darkness coming up over the air,
And a gathering of clouds in the air, and a noise of
winds in the air.

Darkness, darkness, is coming up over the air.
There is a trampling of horses and of chariots; there
is a noise of battle and of rushing waters.

I hear the chariots of the Lord of Hosts: I hear the
rushing waters of the wrath of God.

Hide ye, hide ye, daughters of Jerusalem, from the
wrath of the Most High.

Weep, weep, daughters of Jerusalem, for yourselves
and for your children.

For the veil of the temple is rent in twain, and the
rocks are rent.

The veil of the temple is rent from the top to the bot-
tom, and the earth is opened.

The earth quakes, and the graves give up their dead.

Fall on us, O ye mountains: cover us, O ye hills.

Fall on us, O ye mountains: cover the daughters of
Jerusalem.

Blesséd are the barren, and the paps which never
gave suck.

Blesséd are the barren, and the wombs which never
bare.

Now the brother betrayeth the brother to death, and
the father the son.

And children rise up against their parents, and
friend betrayeth friend.

And many betray one another, and many hate one
another.

And because iniquity aboundeth, the love of many
waxeth cold.

We are hated of all men for his sake.

Take heed to yourselves, daughters of Jerusalem.
For they deliver us up to be afflicted, and they kill us.
Woe unto them that are with child, and to them that
 give suck in these days!
For these be the days of vengeance.

THE VOICE OF CHRIST.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

CHORUS.

There is not left one stone upon another, that is not
 thrown down.
There are wars and rumours of wars, but the end
 is not yet.
For nation riseth against nation, and kingdom
 against kingdom.
And there are earthquakes in divers places, and pes-
 tilences, and famines.
All these are the beginning of sorrows.
Take heed to yourselves, daughters of Jerusalem.
For they deliver us up to be afflicted, and they kill us.
Woe unto them that are with child, and to them that
 give suck in these days!
For these be the days of vengeance.

Now let them that are in Judaea flee to the moun-
 tains.
For Jerusalem is compassed with armies, and the
 desolation thereof is nigh.
And there is great distress in the land, and wrath
 upon this people.
And we fall by the edge of the sword, and are led
 away captive into all nations.
And Jerusalem is trodden down of the Gentiles, until
 the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.
Hide ye, hide ye, daughters of Jerusalem, from the
 wrath of the Most High.

Weep, weep, daughters of Jerusalem, for yourselves
and for your children.

For in these days there is great tribulation, such as
has not been from the beginning of the world
unto this time;

Signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars,
and upon the earth distress of nations, with
perplexity;

The sea and the waves roaring; men's hearts failing
them for fear.

And the sun is darkened, and the moon does not give
her light.

And the stars fall from heaven, and the powers of
the heavens are shaken.

Blesséd are the barren, and the paps which never
gave suck.

Blesséd are the barren, and the wombs which never
bare.

MARY.

O man of Galilee,
There is one not barren, one.
And her womb gave birth to thee.
Behold thy mother, my son!

THE VOICE OF CHRIST.

Woman, behold thy son!

CHORUS.

O Son of woman, we hear
Thy benison.

Women, women, over the world:
"Behold thy son!"

THE VOICE OF CHRIST.

Father, into thy hands
I commend my spirit.

CHORUS.

Father, Father of all
Times and lands,

Receive the spirit returning hence,
"Into thy hands."

THE VOICE OF CHRIST.

It is finished.

CHORUS.

Silence has fallen upon the air:

A hush: stillness.

Arise; let us go hence.

All things are accomplished.

[*The EXECUTIONER enters, drunk.*]

EXECUTIONER. There's a nice sort o' sunset for you. What I wants to know is how's a fellow to tell if it's sunset or sunrise or the blasted end o' the world in such a God-forsaken climate. Lightens fit to blind a mole. Thunders fit to wake the dead. If it ain't raining, it's hailing. And if it ain't hailing, it's snowing. And if it ain't snowing, it's as hot as a spider on a gridiron when the cook's in a hurry. Climate! Climate! I'd make a better climate out of a one-eyed camel and a hoary cauliflower. I'd make a better climate out of a . . . Rome . . . and a Saturday night . . . my God. This ain't no place for a Roman on foreign service.—Well if here ain't our old friend Surly-Face. No, that ain't it. Pink-Whiskers. My mistake, Pink-Whiskers. Have a drop o' ginger, Pink-Whiskers, just to show there ain't no ill feeling. You won't, eh? All right, Surly-Face; all the more for little Ladybird.—Holy tadpoles! If there ain't his majesty. Hail, King o' the Jews! Come down and save me, won't you? Come down, old son o' God, and I'll believe you. Seeing's believing. You won't, eh? God ain't saving sonny this afternoon? Never you mind, your majesty; I'm coming; Little Ladybird's coming, hammer and all. We won't be long now.

[CAIAPHAS and PILATE enter, attended.]

Beg your pardon, my lord. Beg your pardon, your excellency. Beg your pardon. Beg all your pardons. Come up, boy. Steady. Steady. [*He goes out toward Calvary.*]

PILATE. [*To the first attendant.*]
Arrest that man, and, when his work is done,
Bring him to me for judgment.

[*The first attendant goes out toward Calvary.*]

Where is Judas?

SENTRY.
He went that way, sir.—I think that he
Has hanged himself.

PILATE. So soon?

[*He looks out across the garden.*]

[*To the second attendant.*] Cut him down
And give him burial.

[*The second attendant goes out through the garden.*]

[*To the third attendant.*] Bring me a scroll.

[*The third attendant goes out.*]

The storm is over.

[*Looking toward Calvary.*]

I marvel that he is already dead.

[*The third attendant returns with a scroll.*]

[*To the third attendant.*] Write,
In Latin, and in Hebrew, and in Greek:
“Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.”

[*The attendant writes.*]

Nail it upon the cross above his head.

CAIAPHAS.

Write not "King of the Jews," but that he said,
"I am King of the Jews."

PILATE.

What I have written,
I have written.

*[The attendant goes out with the scroll toward
Cavalry.]*

Behold your King?

CAIAPHAS.

We have

No king but Caesar.

PILATE.

I had power to crucify him, and I had power
To release him. And he said to me that I
Could have no power against him, except it were
Given me from above: he that delivered him
To me had the greater sin.

CAIAPHAS.

I delivered him

To you.

PILATE.

Did you, my lord? Or did—

Another?

[To MARY.] They will bring him to you.

He is yours now.

There is a garden in this place,

And in the garden a new sepulchre.

There lay him.

CAIAPHAS.

Sir, I remember that, while he was yet alive,
He said, "After three days I will rise again."
Command that the sepulchre be made sure
Till the third day, lest his disciples come
By night, and steal him away, and say to the people,
"He is risen from the dead."

PILATE.

You have a watch.

Go your way; make it as sure as you can.

CAIAPHAS. [*To the sentry.*]

Go with these women to the sepulchre;
There seal the stone, and set a watch.

PILATE.

He said,

When I asked him if he were a king, "My kingdom
"Is not of earth: if my kingdom were of earth,
"Then would my servants fight."

CAIAPHAS.

They have loosed the nails

From his hands. They are lowering him.

PILATE.

He said:

"To this end was I born,
"And for this cause came I into the world,
"That I should bear witness unto the truth."

CAIAPHAS.

They have loosed

The nail from his feet.

PILATE.

He said,

"Everyone that is of the truth heareth my voice."
The truth.....

CAIAPHAS. They have lowered him to the ground.

PILATE.

What

Is truth?

CAIAPHAS.

They are wrapping a linen shroud

About him. They have folded him in it.

PILATE. Whence art thou?

CAIAPHAS.

Night has fallen, sir.

PILATE.

It is well, my lord.

[PILATE and CAIAPHAS go out toward the city. The
Galilean women, with the sentry, go out toward
Calvary, chanting in antiphony.]

CHORUS.

O thou that takest away the sorrows of the world,
Have mercy upon us.
Thou that takest away the sorrows of the world,
Have mercy upon us.

Thou that takest away the sorrows of the world,
Receive our prayer.
In the time of our tribulation, in the hour of death,
and in the day of judgment,
We beseech thee to hear us.
Son of God, we beseech thee to hear us.
Son of God, we beseech thee to hear us.
O thou that takest away the sorrows of the world,
Grant us thy peace.
O thou that takest away the sorrows of the world,
Have mercy upon us.
O Christ, hear us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.

MARY.

Man, that is born of woman,
Hath but a short time to live,
And is full of misery.
He cometh up, and is cut down, like a flower;
He fleeth, as it were a shadow.
In the midst of life we are in death;
Of whom may we seek for succour?

We brought nothing into this world,
And it is certain we can carry nothing out.
We fade away suddenly like the grass;
In the morning it is green, and groweth up:
But in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and
withered.
In the midst of life we are in death;
Of whom may we seek for succour?

[*The Galilean women, with the sentry, return from
Calvary bearing the body of JESUS and chanting in
antiphony.*]

CHORUS.

By thine agony and bloody sweat, by thy cross and
passion,

We beseech thee to hear us.

Son of God, we beseech thee to hear us.

O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for thy Name's
sake.

Graciously look upon our afflictions.

With pity behold the sorrows of our hearts.

Favourably with mercy hear our prayers.

O Christ, hear us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Christ, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord :

Lord, hear my voice.

One deep calleth another :

All thy waves and storms are gone over me.

He is despised and rejected of men :

A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

MARY.

Blesséd are the dead,

For they rest from their labours.

CHORUS.

Earth to earth,

Ashes to ashes,

Dust to dust.

Let this night be solitary ;

Let no joyful voice come therein ;

Because man goeth to his long home,

And the mourners go about the streets.

Vanity of vanities : all is vanity.

Earth to earth,
Ashes to ashes
Dust to dust.

MARY.

I have seen the Son of Man coming in the clouds with
power and great glory.

Why seek ye the living among the dead?
He is not here:
He is risen.

CHORUS.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away:
Blesséd be the name of the Lord.

MARY.

Why are ye troubled?
Fear not.
Thus it behoved him to suffer,
And to enter into his glory.
In the world we have tribulation;
But be of good cheer:
He hath overcome the world.
Heaven and earth shall pass away,
But my words shall not pass away.

CHORUS.

[They bear out the body toward the garden, chanting in antiphony.]

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away:
Blesséd be the name of the Lord.
Lift up your hearts:
We lift them up unto God.
Greater love hath no man than this:
That a man lay down his life for his friends.
Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our
sorrows:
Our sorrow is turned into joy, and our joy no man
taketh from us.

Break forth into joy : sing together, ye waste places
of Jerusalem :
Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good
will towards men.

SENTBY.

Truly this was a righteous man.

[To MARY.] Mother, bless me also.

[She turns in the gateway of the garden; he kneels.]

MARY.

Peace I leave with you :

My peace I give unto you :

The Peace of God,

Which passeth all understanding.

All things must be fulfilled.

This play was made by Maurice Browne, assisted by Ellen Van Volkenburg; and was produced for the first time at the Chicago Little Theatre on June the twentieth, nineteen hundred and sixteen by Maurice Browne, assisted by C. Raymond Johnson, May Donnelly Kelso, Lester Luther, and Ellen Van Volkenburg; played by Loretto Coffield Clarke, Winifred Taylor Entrikin, Helen Head Fivey, Facelia Hamlin, Lou Wall Moore, Helen Robbins, Ellen Van Volkenburg, Louis Alter, Maurice Browne, Knowles Entrikin, A. Gillen, Lester Luther, Raymond Mammes, Jack Martin, George Wolff, and Howard Wookey.

THE PANTOMIME

“Time the measure of all moving is.”

—Sir John Davies (1596)

What is pantomime?

The combination of music with visible movement,—the combination of the most impalpable of arts with the most “bodily.” This fusion is effected by man through his gesture. Movement is the most precious quality of matter. Light is movement; heat is movement; sound is movement; life is movement. Life is movement; yet not all movement is life. How many people are in continual movement, always agitated yet not knowing what living means. If not all movement is life, still less all movement is art. The prime condition of art is order—a conscientious division of space and time; consequently movement will only then be art when it is classified.

Wherein is movement classified?

In space and time, length and duration. In other words a movement may be long or short, but at the same time it may be quick or slow.

The *length* of a movement can easily be established; it is perceived by the eye and therefore a visible sign is sufficient in order to obtain exactitude: from A to B:—there can be no mistake.

But how shall we obtain a regular, that is, an equal or symmetrical *duration* of movement? Only one force can secure this regularity,—music which by its essence is division of time. As a special sign perceived by the eye tells us: from such a point to this one and not *farther*. Thus the auditive sign perceived by the ear tells us: to this note and no

longer. From one note to the other we have to dispose our movement; begin on a note, end on a note—only such falling together of movement and music will secure the fusion of two arts into one, only this will secure the fusion of the music we hear with the action we see into one musical plastic art—the pantomime.

That is what we need in order that the special task should be accomplished which the pantomime imposes on the artist in contradistinction to all other arts. With his gestures he has to surrender himself to the music.

To execute with one's body the orders of music can be done in various ways as much with regard to form as with regard to expression: it is a question of talent and temperament. But no matter how the artist understands his task, one essential condition is necessary without which its fulfilment is impossible. This condition is a renunciation of one's self, the substitution of one's personal will by a blind obedience to music. Let us here establish from the beginning that the principle of the pantomime is just contrary to the one that actuates in the drama.

What is the difference?

In the drama the actor has before him an "object." He bears within himself, so to speak, his commanding force: he is the *executor* of the action, but at the same time he is the *source*. In the drama the actor says: "I do so because I want it so." In the pantomime, where a concordance of movement and sound is required, the actor himself *wants* nothing, he may want but one thing: to carry out that which music commands. He is only the *executor* of the action, its *source* is in music; *he* does not command, *he is* commanded; no object lies *before* him, but *behind* him is a moving force, the music. It is comprehensible that

the experiencing of feelings, which is such an essential factor in the dramatic performance, here can be looked upon only as a result, not as a dictating force once it is music that dictates. If an artist in preparing his mimic part will take feeling as his object, he will be inevitably drawn in the direction of these feelings, which may have an independent development different from that of music. Not the embodiment of feeling must be the object of pantomime: feeling is in the music and the latter only, its *movement* and the *character* of its movement, must be the object of the artist's striving. The mimic does not say to himself: "Now I must tease him," or "Now I must love her," or "Here I must be indignant." All this the *actor* says to himself, and if the mimist puts his object in "being indignant" or in "being in love" as he would have it in the drama, he will go his way and the music will go its way, and there will be two contemporaneous arts instead of a single simultaneous one. Before—no object; behind—the commanding instigating force of music! And rest assured that when the exact coincidence of the bodily motion with the musical is realized; that is, when the intensity, the weight and the rapidity of the bodily movements coincide with the intensity, the weight and the rapidity of the sound, then the picture of the required sentiment will come out by itself,—it will appear as an inevitable and involuntary result of rhythm: the *artist* will represent the musical movement, but *his body* or his figure will offer the picture of the "teasing," the "loving," the "indignation," which are required by the dramatic contents of the given moment. And after that, as a result of the musical expressiveness of gesture, feeling will appear.

This is what makes the difference between the dramatic and pantomimic principles. Let us see now

how we can "represent" music, or rather, *what* in music, which of its elements, we must take in order to transfer it into bodily motion.

There is a great difference between movement to music and the transposition of music into movement. The first we may observe as often as we wish, beginning with the opera and the ballet and ending with the marching soldiers. The second, that is, the transposition of music into movement, we not only have no opportunity of watching,—we scarcely have an opportunity of seeing. By the example of marching soldiers let us try to explain the difference. Every musical composition has two elements—"the time" and "the rhythmical design." When with your fingers you drum on the table and ask your companion—"What is that?" and he answers—"The March of Faust,"—he has *recognized* it because you were drumming not the *time* but the rhythmical design. If you had drummed the "time," that is—"one, two, three, four," and if at the same time, in order to help his guessing you had said to him that it is a march, he nevertheless would not have been able to say *what* march, for in the limits of the four-fourths any march can be implied. Therefore, not in the *time* lies the characteristic part of the musical composition. The characteristic part is in the rhythmical design of the melody.*

* It is obvious to everybody I suppose, that I am investigating the elements of musical composition exclusively from the point of view of musical *movement*. This is why I confine myself to the "time" and rhythm and do not mention either melody or harmony. Melody cannot be taken into consideration for the reason that the same melody (that is, the same melodic disposition of sounds) can give an unlimited variety of rhythmical designs. As to harmony, from the point of view of musical movement, it appears not only as an indifferent element (the same melody can without any influence on the rhythmical design be harmonized in a thousand ways), but as a matter of fact an almost unnecessary element (a simple beat of a drum is sufficient to realize a rhythmical design).

Time is the unchangeable canvas on which the rhythm lays down the varied curves of the rhythmical design of an arabesque. I would say that time is the trellis-work and the rhythm the creeping plant.

I offer the following musical-graphic exercise. To the sounds of the first bars of the "Faust" march, let us draw on a blackboard a chalk line at each fourth,—first sixteen perpendicular bars, then over these at equal distance sixteen horizontal ones. We will have a checker-board, a trellis. On this trellis now, let us send up the creeper of the rhythmical design. How shall we do this? To the sound of these same four bars of the "Faust" march, let us draw a chalk line which by its curves shall mark the evolving melody. To do this is very easy. As every square represents a musical "fourth," a note which lasts "one-fourth" will have to traverse a square, and as in the same time it tends to join the next note, the direction of the line,—in order to express at the same time its duration and its movement,—will have to cross the square from angle to angle, from bottom to top—diagonally. It is clear that a note which lasts two-fourths will cross two squares in the one and same direction. But as soon as a new note appears, the direction will have to change,—instead of going up to the right, the line will go up to the left and then every new note will be marked by a turn. Naturally if there are several notes in one-fourth, there will be several turns in the same square. Thus a triplet will produce a zigzag. Add to this that the character of the succession of sounds,—their greater or lesser energy, softness, distinctness, can find its expression in the angularity, roundness and interruptedness of the turns, and you will realize with

what evident exactness and fidelity the graphic part of any given design can be obtained.

Mentally keeping before our eyes such a graphic representation of the "Faust" march, we clearly see *what* the soldiers represent when they march to the music,—they represent the trellis, not the creeper, not that wherein the character of the given music lies, but that which it has in common with many other, with *quite* other musical productions. It is obvious that a man who has chosen as his aim to represent the movement of a given music, has to transpose into gesture not the trellis but the design of the creeper; every new line will be new gesture, every turn or angle a change of gesture. At the bottom of his work—in the transposition of audible invisible music into visible motion—he must have the same principle which acts in us when on the table we drum with our fingers with such exactitude that others can recognize the musical composition.*

In the application of the principle some difficulties are inevitable. Thus, when I say that to *each* audible movement, that is, to each note, a new gesture must correspond, this is only a theoretical demand. Everyone will understand that a rapid succession of many notes in quick tempo cannot be marked by a corresponding succession of gestures; that if, even were it possible, it would at any rate be as unbeautiful as inexpressive. It is as in singing: when there

* I do not in the least insist upon the necessity of recurring to musical graphic design as a compulsory pedagogical means; I think to any one, even to less musically talented people, the hearing will suffice in order to understand what exigencies sound affords to plastic art. I only propose this experiment to those unmusical ones who might take interest in the elucidation of the terms—"time" and "rhythm." Do not all sciences tend to represent in visual formulas the result of what has been acquired by other senses? Sight, after all, among our "higher" senses, acts a part of the fingers of doubting Thomas.

is a rapid succession of notes, you do not put a syllable to each note; a whole scale may be sung on one vowel. The same is true with the pantomimist in his art—when there is a scale or a trill, he cannot respond with a gesture to each note: for if he could, he would lead us out of the domain of art and into the region of the unconscious jerks of the St. Vitus dance. Here we will have to produce a fusion of many partial and minute movements into a few rare, broad ones. In the presence of this difficulty we will change the wording of our principle, and, instead of saying that to each new sound a new gesture corresponds, we will say: a new gesture is admissible *only* when there is a new sound. From this as an inevitable consequence follows the second rule: when there is no new sound, when the note is held, there is no gesture; the body stiffens and the pose lasts as long as the note.

To renounce all movement which is not justified by the music is, consequently, to what we engage ourselves when we enter into pantomime. We should begin to accustom ourselves to look at *movement*, as a *material of art* just in the same way as we look at color or sound. Imagine a painter painting a portrait and all at once with his brush accidentally dabbing the face with purple; or imagine in a concert during a symphony the tooting of an automobile trumpet. What is that? Why is it offensive? Because in the formed material of the painter arranged according to the laws of his art,—in the color a *hazardous* piece of material has thrust itself, because in the formed material of the musician arranged according to the laws of music, an *outside* sound has intruded itself. It is just the same in the mimic art. The artistic material, called pantomime, is built of *movement* and all involuntary movement

not dictated or justified by music is *hazardous*, an *outside* element to be expelled.

Let us mention here one special point of plastic art,—the movement of abduction. All movement consists of two moments. Take the simplest of gestures—indication: the hand first rises or extends itself; next it falls or withdraws.* Generally in studying a mimic part we are inclined to give pre-eminence to the first kind of movement and accord but a secondary importance or even no importance at all to the second one. And yet if the first must respond to the demands of rhythm, nothing justifies the non-observance of this demand in regard to the second. We must withdraw the extended arm, raise the bended knee, straighten the curved back, with the same observance of rhythmical order with which we extend the arm or bend the knee and curve the back. We must remember that in pantomime the expression of the word “movement” has not to be taken only in the impulsive sense but in the most general unrelative sense: any change in statics.

There are cases when the abductive gesture offers some difficulty. There is nothing easier than to bring back the palm of a hand which with astonishment has detached itself from the table; but when the gesture is of a wide radius, when the whole arm is stretched out above the head,—what is to be done then? There are two possibilities. To let it simply drop in certain cases may be very expressive; yet it would be a new independent, not abductive, gesture, not one of those gestures which by its sense does not call attention. What shall we do, then, to bring unnoticeably in its former position, a broad gesture of wide radius? When a juggler wants to

* This in plastic art corresponds to what we call in versification *arsis* and *thesis*.

conceal his trick, what does he do? He attracts the spectator's attention, directing it to another point. Before we begin to lower the uplifted arm, let us make a slight movement with the other one; let us lift it slowly and while we are occupied in this action, let us begin to lower the former: there will come a moment when both arms will be on the same level and then there will be no difficulty in distributing the last steps of gradual descent—between the two arms. This means I have not found by myself; it was pointed out to me by Jaques-Dalcroze, and he had it from the famous Delsarte.

Out of three elements the art of pantomime is composed: time (music), space (the stage), movement (man). As always in all scenic arts the chief element is man: he in his movements accomplishes the fusion of the other two. We have been investigating the condition of that fusion and of its success. The task is not an easy one. To move *when it is necessary* is difficult; yet to this difficulty is added another one,—*not to move when it is not necessary*. If we watch people or ourselves we will notice how much unnecessary movement we make in life, and we will realize how difficult the second task is. Not to move is just as difficult as to move *regularly*, perhaps more difficult. Of course more than anywhere the difficulty must not intimidate us in art. If every work bears its compensation in itself, more than anywhere it is so with regard to art; and from among all arts none can give so complete though ephemeral a satisfaction as the combination of living plasticity with music. It cannot be described, but he who has experienced knows what it means,—to renounce one's self and to surrender one's self to the power of music, to cease to will, to cease to force one's self—only he who has experienced it himself

knows what an ineffable sensation it is when the difficulty overcome develops of its own accord, when the further you advance, that which was difficult becomes easy, and the easier it becomes the more beautiful it is.

In the domain of art it is the same as in the domain of morals; in order to create anything of value it is not enough for man to draw upon himself, —he must surrender, he must subjugate himself to some higher law existing outside of himself. In living plasticity this law is music. Not inside of ourselves, not in our feelings shall we find the rule for the regularity and expressiveness of the special distribution of our movements, but in that regularity with which music disposes its sounds within the limits of the divisions of time. In obeying music, in trusting the guidance of its unbodily force shall we realize beauty with our flesh and blood. For there is no more wonderful instrument of expression than our mortal body when it obeys the spirit.

PRINCE SERGE WOLKONSKY.

RE-ENTER: THE SOLILOQUY.



HE soliloquy is no more. So we have been informed. Toward the end of the nineteenth century popular criticism as well as learned dissertation proclaimed the fact, and since then stage managers have excised soliloquies as ruthlessly as surgeons have removed appendixes. Now soliloquies, like appendixes, are again becoming reputable. Certainly soliloquies exist in the work of the best playwrights of the day—a fact apparently ignored. Is there not some reason for their being?

A convention like the soliloquy, which has flourished since the very beginning of drama in Greece, China and India, as well as in all of the modern nations of Europe, and which has often constituted the essence of a play, as in the case of Hamlet's musings,—such a device cannot be sloughed off in an instant. Critics did not agree as to the cause of its disappearance in the late nineteenth century. The soliloquy was dead. That was all. Some said it was Ibsen who killed it, although, as a matter of fact, he uses a number of soliloquies, even in his realistic pieces, conspicuously at the beginning and the end of the acts of *A Doll's House*. Some said it was Edison who effected the change with his realistic lighting of the stage. The proscenium arch is a picture frame, it was maintained, and back of it there must be a realistic picture. When a child is warned not to do a thing, his natural

impulse is to attempt it. So it is with the artist. Recently Mr. Granville Barker has broken the rule and staged some of his most effective episodes in front of the proscenium arch in St. James's Theater, London. Perhaps one reason that the twentieth century dramatist has revived and revived the soliloquy is because he has been told that he could not. At any rate, neither Ibsen nor Edison doomed the soliloquy. As early as 1660, Corneille proclaimed its abolition and boasted that there was not a single soliloquy in eight of his tragedies; but the soliloquy persisted, although it has not had the vogue in France which it had among Teutonic peoples.

The truth is, there have always been two camps of critics, those for and those against the soliloquy. Those opposed to it, decidedly a majority of late, maintain that it is not natural. No convention is, and yet it is obvious that every art has its conventions. No one has a right to object to a statue because it lacks color, nor to a painting because it lacks motion. Art is an imitation, not a reproduction, of nature. The supposedly invisible scene-shifters in the Japanese drama and the printed explanations of the dumb show of the moving pictures are conventions accepted without cavil by their audiences. Probably the effort to eliminate the soliloquy is due to the fact that the acted drama is the most realistic of all the arts. Playwrights have attempted various substitutes for the soliloquy. For example, they have resurrected from classic drama the confidant, an individual whose sole business in life is to be told secrets. But nothing can quite take the place of the soliloquy. It is the only method the dramatist has of conveying to the audience exactly what a character is thinking or feeling.

Hence the soliloquy has been revived. We are not

surprised that the Hindu drama of Tagore abounds in long passionate meditations, as that is a heritage from the old Sanskrit drama. Nor is it astonishing that Maeterlinck's symbolism, Rostand's romanticism and Von Hofmannsthal's classicism often find expression in long lyric monodies. But, in view of the prevalent idea that the soliloquy is obsolete, it is surprising to find it boldly employed by the masters of the realistic drama today.

Strindberg, who shares with Ibsen the credit, or discredit, of founding the modern realistic drama, as early as 1888 observed: "Our realists have excommunicated the monolog as improbable, but if I can lay a proper basis for it, I can also make it seem probable, and then I can use it to good advantage. It is probable, for instance, that a speaker may walk back and forth in his room practicing his speech aloud; it is probable that an actor may read through his part aloud, that a servant girl may talk to her cat, that a mother may prattle to her child, that an old spinster may chatter to her parrot, that a person may talk in his sleep." Strindberg admits the typical late nineteenth century attitude that the soliloquy is excommunicated, but nevertheless he pleads for its naturalness in certain cases.

In the twentieth century he has the courage to use the soliloquy without regard for its probability. In *After the Fire* (1907), the Stranger, whom we are wont to identify with Strindberg himself, opens the second scene with a two-page meditation which concludes with this extraordinary apostrophe to the world: "You tiny earth, you, the densest and the heaviest of all the planets—that's what makes everything on you so heavy—so heavy to breathe, so heavy to carry. The cross is your symbol, but it might just as well have been a fool's cap or a straight-jacket—

you world of delusions and deluded!—Eternal One—perchance Thy earth has gone astray in the limitless void! And what set it whirling so that Thy children were made dizzy, and lost their reason, and became incapable of seeing what really is instead of what only seems? Amen!” Like the ironic players of Timon of Athens, the Stranger’s misanthropic introspection—doubtless Strindberg’s own feelings—could have been presented dramatically only in the form of soliloquy. The Stranger continues to soliloquize throughout the little piece. Indeed, he concludes the play with this exhortation to himself, “And now, wanderer, resume thy pilgrimage!” When one reflects on the strange pilgrimage of the author’s life, these soliloquies have an autobiographical as well as a dramatic significance.

As in this case, the modern soliloquy is frequently placed at the beginning or the end of an act. No position could be more conspicuous, nor more daring. Yet, when rightly handled, the introductory and the concluding soliloquy give an artistic touch to the drama.

In *The Sorrows of Belgium*, Andreyev’s stirring picture of the stricken country, perhaps the most effective episode is the opening. The setting is the luxuriant garden of M. Maeterlinck, known as Emil Grelieu in the play. The time is the beginning of the war of 1914. The village bells are already proclaiming the invasion, but the deaf old gardener Francois is clipping his roses, oblivious to the march of history. For two pages he prattles to himself and to his flowers, whimsically scolding himself, as though he had a dual personality: “To you the earth is noise and prattle, while to me it is like a madonna in colors upon a picture. Like a madonna in colors.” A contrast, this, with the horrors of

invasion which immediately follow. Dialog could not have conveyed the impression of the tranquility and the loveliness of the garden as this monolog does.

A wholly different sort of monologic opening characterizes Galsworthy's *Silver Box*, in which Jack tells his story in maudlin monosyllables. The soliloquy of the drunkard dates back to Plautus and Terence, and, it might be argued, it is no forced contrivance, but the natural result of intoxication. That excuse cannot be made for the soliloquy which follows in *The Silver Box* when Jones makes some observations over the sleeping Jack, now fallen into a drunken stupor. Talking aloud in the presence of a sleeper is not natural, but it is a favorite device of Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher and many another dramatist. Such monologs are to be expected in the plays of old, but it is rather remarkable that practically the whole of the first scene of *The Silver Box*, produced at the Empire Theater in New York a few years ago, should be in the form of soliloquy.

Modern plays which begin with soliloquizing are by no means rare. By way of further illustration, we have Tolstoy's *First Distiller* and *The Fruits of Culture*, Echegaray's *Great Galeoto* and Zangwill's *The Melting Pot*. Likewise, the second act of *The Escape* by Brieux opens with soliloquy, and so does the second act of *The Playboy of the Western World* by Synge.

Acts ending in soliloquy are even more frequent. To cite a few random examples from recent realistic drama: Act I of Giacosa's *The Stronger* (1905), Act II of Le Maitre's *The Pardon* (1895), Act I of Wedekind's *The Earth Spirit* (1907), Act II of Schnitzler's *The Legacy* (1899), Act I of Tchekoff's *Ivanoff* (1889), Act II of Andreyev's *Savva* (1906),

Act I of Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man* (1894), and Act I of Shaw's *The Doctor's Dilemma* (1906), Act I and Act II of *The Playboy of the Western World* (1907), the end of Masefield's *Mrs. Harrison* (1909), of St. John Hankin's *The Burglar Who Failed* (1908) and of J. O. Francis's *Change* (1913).

The crucial moment of a play is the end, and yet two masterpieces of recent Russian drama conclude with long soliloquies,—Andreyev's *Anathema* (1909) and Tchekoff's *The Cherry Orchard* (1904). The diabolical gloating of *Anathema* over his victim is comparable with the bravura of Shakespeare's Richard the Third, but the end of *The Cherry Orchard* is distinguished by a realistic rather than a grandiose style. First, the aged man servant, is left behind, forgotten, in the abandoned house. When he realizes his plight, his lassitude seems to epitomize the hopeless condition of the whole family he has been serving. As he lies down, he mumbles, "There's no strength left in you; there's nothing, nothing. Ah, you . . . job-lot!" Though one may be repelled by the enervating atmosphere of Tchekoff, one must admit that this is an artistic conclusion of his work.

The soliloquy beginning or ending an act is often artistic, but during the progress of the action it is frequently utilitarian. The time-honored contrivance of the link, a little soliloquy inserted for the purpose of bridging the gap between an exit and an entrance, still persists, although it is often supplanted by stage business. In pieces as divergent in type as Brieux's *Blanchette*, Jones's *Michael and His Lost Angel*, Bernstein's *Thief* and Galsworthy's *The Pigeon* we find these little soliloquies. Like many of Galsworthy's characters, Wellwyn, the eccentric philanthropist of *The Pigeon* is addicted to

rumination. "Bad lot—low type,—" he flings these epithets at himself early and late in the play.

Introspection is as necessary for the thoughtful modern play as it was in Elizabethan days—more so, indeed. We are more critical, more self-conscious, emotionally and intellectually more complex than our ancestors. The modern novelist revels in self-analysis. Why should the dramatist be denied the soliloquies permitted the novelist without stint? A few modern playwrights have had the courage to use long introspective soliloquies. Tchekoff's Ivanoff is like Macbeth in his brooding self-accusation. In his very long soliloquy in the third act, beginning, "I am a worthless, miserable, useless man," he reveals the self-deceived villain, conscious of his own weakness, yet sentimentally wallowing in his slough of despond. Were it not for the self-pity of this soliloquy, there would be no key to the so-called hypocrisy of the egoist.

Likewise, soliloquies are necessary for the understanding of the adolescent psychology in Wedekind's tragedy of childhood, *The Awakening of Spring*. Morbid these soliloquies are, but veracious. If we grant that the play has a worthy purpose—that it is criminal to neglect the instruction of our youth in regard to sex—then we must admit that the very morbidity of these youthful thoughts is an indication of the necessity of wholesome instruction. Obviously it is only in soliloquy that we can get at the thoughts and feeling of these young people, but the pathetic aspect of the case is that they themselves do not understand themselves. Moritz, having failed in his examination, determines on suicide—as, unfortunately, many German boys do—but the reasons therefor are only evident when one thinks his thoughts, a soliloquy some three and a half pages

in length. The idea of suicide occurs to him suddenly, "Man is born by chance and should not after mature consideration—It is to shoot one's self dead!" The author admirably suggests the law of association of ideas in the apparent lack of sequence of thinking. While Moritz is toying with the temptation of suicide, he observes, "The landscape is as sweet as the melody of a lullaby.—'Sleep, little prince, sleep on,' as Fräulein Snandulia sang. It's a shame she holds her elbows so awkwardly!" And so on. Surely this is far removed from the stereotyped romantic soliloquy of old. Surely, too, these revelations are terrifyingly close to nature.

It is rather remarkable that Wedekind, himself an actor, and a writer for the stage rather than the closet, should employ the soliloquy again and again in his plays. His *Such Is Life*, ostensibly a romance of medieval Italy, is in reality a study of kingship, a study illuminated with several soliloquies by the King.

So in Barrie's sketch on the war, *Der Tag*, the Emperor has a two-page soliloquy beginning, "A king's life is but a day." The irony of the Emperor's overweening ambition is underscored. He foresees himself "Dictator of the world, and all for pacific ends. We come at last to the great desideratum, a universal peace. . . . God in the heavens, and I upon the earth—we two! And there are still the Zeppelins!" This passage seems to contravert the general impression that Barrie's sense of humor entirely deserted him in this piece.

Surely it did not, in Barrie's delightful burlesque of modern things theatrical, *A Slice of Life* (1910), in which a parlor maid, not daring to soliloquize, gives the initial exposition to the telephone, reads a newspaper aloud, and then, realizing that this is

perilously near to a soliloquy and therefore unpardonable, she reads the expository item to a china dog. It is true, as the burlesque indicates, that the soliloquy which is designed simply in order to inform the audience in regard to certain facts has lost its prestige, but, on the other hand, the soliloquy which depicts the innermost thought of a character seems gradually to be reasserting its function.

This is indicated by a sparkling satire in one act, *Orthodoxy* (1914), by Nina Wilcox Putnam. This little piece, containing some thirty characters, is composed almost exclusively of a series of soliloquies—a most extraordinary proceeding, with a twentieth century tang. You go to church, but not for verbal service. Instead, you learn what everybody, including the minister, is actually thinking. A woman of the congregation enters and kneels, repeating softly to herself, “I have on a new hat. I have on a new hat.” The minister’s benediction is nothing if not startling: “Let us go to dinner! Amen!” “The characters,” the author informs us, “are simply saying what they are really thinking in the situation in which they are presented, instead of employing the empty social forms which we are accustomed to having people actually give voice to”—a clever as well as a novel method of presenting satire. Are there not further possibilities in the form?

A play which reveals not what people say but—vastly more interesting—what people think, has tragic as well as comic possibilities as yet unexplored. Here might be developed a drama which the moving picture could not reproduce—a play of thought, wit, emotion, to be visualized by the mind’s eye. The moving picture audiences are alert in interpreting pantomime. Why could not the patrons

of these soliloquy plays become equally adept in contrasting the actions of characters with their thoughts? Mrs. Putnam has pointed the way. Will any one be bold enough to follow?

Putting aside this hypothetical question, the fact remains that the soliloquy is not dead. Almost exterminated at the end of the nineteenth century and still regarded by many as extinct, nevertheless it is thriving. The unusually long, frequent and perfunctory soliloquy is a thing of the past. The soliloquy is now contrived, when it does occur, with a suggestion of verisimilitude. But it has been too precious a possession of the drama, from its beginning up to the present, to be discarded in a moment. Not theory but practice proves the soliloquy's right to existence today, for it is now used not only for effects poetic and fantastic, but also for the deeper meanings psychological and introspective—for the sake of truth itself.

MORRIS LEROY ARNOLD.

THE ACTOR IN ENGLAND.*



As a profession, acting has led its followers a chase by no means always a merry one. Material success in such a calling depends largely upon the popularity of the profession; and its popularity has waxed and waned throughout the ages. The modern actor, however, since his rise in the middle ages, has suffered, comparatively speaking, no very great reverses. In England he was set solidly upon his feet when, under the Tudors, his profession began to flourish. For a few years prior to the Restoration and for some time after, actors were reminded emphatically that they were still looked upon as rogues and vagabonds. As such they found little favor and the greater number of them had, perforce, to "feed themselves and families with hunger, sighs and tears." But thereafter they managed once more to land upon their feet, and practically ever since an increasingly good footing has been assured them.

While the evolution of acting as a means of earning bread and butter has been a long series of ups and downs, acting as an art has evolved in a circle, from simplicity to simplicity. The various phases of its change lie between the simplicity which is meagre and ingenuous and a simplicity infinitely more subtle, pregnant with suggestion and born of the

* The third of a series of articles on the history of the acting profession. The others appeared in *THE DRAMA* for August and for November, 1915.

wisdom of experience. This progress from the artless, ineffective efforts of the novice to the simple, seemingly effortless effects of the artist, is illustrated by the development of acting in England from the time of the first futile amateurs to the present day. The mutations in this evolution have been not unlike those that marked the growth of the actor's art in Greece. Acting started in the middle ages as unpretentious pantomime and naïve recitation. By degrees, as the actor realized the possibilities latent in voice and physique, his delivery grew more studied until eventually it became self-consciously declamatory. The bubble of bombast was then pricked by the first actors who saw the advantage of employing art to appear natural. By their success they soon were tempted into an excess of artifice, and the only recourse for their successors was a return to a simplicity which, though infinitely more sophisticated, approximated that of the novice.

By the time English amateurs had gained a degree of proficiency sufficient to warrant their adopting acting as a profession and their ranks had been augmented by clownish professional comedians of the type of Richard Torlton and Will Kemp, playwrights had become ambitious in striving for effects and accomplished in clothing them with flamboyant and sonorous phrases. With such stilted plays as *Gorboduc* and *Cambyzes* began the period of turgid rhetoric and stately bombast. And those spectators who later went to see Kit Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* were greeted by the author's assurance that they would hear the actors "threatening the world with high astounding terms." Equally high and astounding must have been the acting. Gayton, writing in 1654, recorded that "the poets of the Fortune and Red Bull had always a mouth-measure for their

actors (who were terrible tear-throats), and made their lines proportionable to their compasses, which were sesquipedales—a foot and a half." For the actor it was an age of elocution and swift action.

The theatre that had by this time been evolved, fostered this elaborateness of language and free and easy movement. The performers, as they strode about on their platform stage, were fairly in the midst of their responsive audience. In such a theatre there was an atmosphere not only of intimacy but of familiarity. The spectators all were eager to welcome with delight the "great feast of language" prepared for them, whether it were a dissertation on the quality of mercy or a fanciful description of the many kinds of melancholy popular among the Elizabethan gallants; and the player was equally anxious to demonstrate his ability to drop trippingly from the tongue a "mint of phrases."

Of the actors of that day little is known. But it is evident that the sturdy Richard Burbage and the ebullient Edward Alleyn, facile of tongue and agile, were the most prominent men on the boards; and they were, no doubt, models of this exuberant style of acting. Alleyn was perhaps the more boisterous and the less subtle of the two, for he had been trained in the most turbulent parts in the plays of Kyd and Marlowe. There are indications that Burbage was of a somewhat different type. Even at so early a stage in the history of English acting signs were not wanting of a tendency to go back to nature; Burbage seems to have represented that tendency. He had gained his experience in the same company as Shakespeare, his associate; and Shakespeare, if we are willing to let Hamlet's words bear weight with us, was dissatisfied with the prevailing

histrionic methods and ambitious to make the acting of his time less unlike the natural actions of normal persons.

These actors had the pleasant privilege of seeing the profession they followed well established; and, though they and their fellow performers were not yet considered any too respectable, they could not well have been more popular. They were much mourned when they died and well remunerated while they lived. Some of them grew rich enough to be reviled by the Puritans for their lavish display of magnificence. It was Edward Alleyn, the most affluent of them all, who, with part of his wealth, founded Dulwich College. The best of the players, those upon whom fell most of the work of producing the plays, were shareholders in the company to which they belonged, and hence received, in addition to their salaries, a portion of the profits. The inferior members of each troupe, however, were paid only a weekly wage. It was much the same managerial system that Molière later introduced in France and passed on to the *Comédie Française*.

When the theatres were closed in 1642, all actors were classed once more as undesirables. Few of the old and experienced actors were left when, in 1660, performances were again permitted. Young and untrained men had to be depended upon to take their places. And now, for the first time in England, women found their way to the stage to fill, thenceforth, most of the female rôles, as for some time they had been doing in France and Italy.

Despite the forced infusion of new blood, many of the old traditions seem somehow to have been handed down, and the declamatory style, now lacking much of the old spontaneity and grown more conventional, still endured. Thomas Betterton, who

quickly rose above his contemporaries, kept alive many of the old methods. He had been tutored by D'Avenant, who was familiar with the Shakespearean conception of what acting ought to be. With his dignified, somewhat ponderous declamation, Betterton was the greatest figure on the stage of the period, and when he died in 1710 the Elizabethan style lost its last great exponent. He was perhaps the first English actor to work out definite theories of acting; one of the first at least to put his theories in such a form that they could be handed down for the benefit of future generations. And with his talents as an actor he combined a knowledge of stage-craft which he supplemented by a study of French methods in Paris.

After the death of Betterton the actor began to go to nature for his inspiration. As Kallipides and Nicostratus had done centuries before in Greece, so Dogget and Macklin did now in England. Comedy was the first to feel the effects of this new attitude of the actor. In both comedy and tragedy, characterization had grown to lack differentiation, had become stereotyped; most comic characters were portrayed by clownish, low-comedy methods and impersonated by actors who used the same uninspired "line of business" in part after part. Thomas Dogget, a comedian, broke away from these narrow, prescribed limits. He had been looking about him at life and his fellow men, and it struck him that it would be a good thing for his fame and for the drama, too, if he were to give minutely characterized and naturalistic representations on the stage of the particular types of character called for by the rôles assigned him. By putting his idea into effect he changed the whole conception of how comic characters should be played, and enlarged the horizon of

the comic actor. This new method of character acting was taken up by Colley Cibber and other actors of the day. Cibber, as an actor, was rather limited in range, but his success was considerable, nevertheless. The modern actor owes him much. By virtue of the fact that he was a man of good family, thorough education and sound business instincts, his presence on the stage reflected credit upon his profession and served indirectly to improve the position of its members both socially and financially.

In 1741 Charles Macklin did for tragedy what Dogget and his imitators had done for comedy. His realistic characterization of Shylock in the *Merchant of Venice* was revolutionary. Instead of Shylock played in a spirit of broad farce, as tradition then demanded, he portrayed a Jew whose character and actions were those of a strong, vengeful, virile human being. His performance was a shock to the "old school's" admirers and an inspiration to the younger actors who were in a position to oppose the old and eager to adopt the new.

This trend toward truer character interpretation, David Garrick undertook to carry on. The style Dogget and Macklin had devised and courageously introduced, he perfected. His acting was so strangely lifelike, so simple and human, that Churchill was prompted to say that one could not "be pleased with nature without appreciating Garrick." And Goldsmith paid a tribute to his art when he wrote that it was only off the stage that Garrick acted. Those actors whose methods had been moulded by tradition grudgingly made way for him. Though traces of the "grand style" were still evident years after in the work of John Kemble and his sister, Mrs. Siddons, Garrick very effectually ended the sway of the monotonous, colorless, declamatory delivery.

Before his death in 1779 he had done more for acting than any other man of the theatre has ever done. In his own work he developed to a great degree the ability to make his silence eloquent by betraying a proper interest in what the other characters were saying and doing while he himself had no lines to speak. By insisting that the other members of his company be equally sedulous in their attempts to acquire the art of "listening," and by setting both them and the actors of rival companies so good an example, he no doubt had an effect upon the group acting of his time. It is a fact, at any rate, that while he was prominent upon the stage great progress was made toward the perfection of ensemble acting. Up to Garrick's day a certain class of spectators had retained the privilege of sitting, in all their arrogance, upon the stage. Garrick dislodged them and thereby did his fellows a considerable service. With his numerous innovations he cleared away much of the old stultifying convention and opened new and fertile fields for progress. Countless present day traditions, especially those that have to do with the interpretation of Shakespeare, are traceable to him. His talent, wealth, popularity and wide acquaintance among the most cultured and influential people of his day, increased respect for the actor's calling. "Garrick has made a player a higher character," said Johnson.

Not long after this salutary revision of the actor's methods, the art of playmaking began to decline. After the appearance of *She Stoops to Conquer* and the *School for Scandal*, playwrights ceased almost entirely to progress, stopped striving to create and were satisfied to be imitators. In the years that followed, they became obsessed with a desire to emulate Shakespeare, and slavishly wrote feeble dramas with

his plays as models; later they fell to aping the playwrights then popular in France and adapting their well-made dramas. As a result the plays of the time were flimsy and artificial. Histrionic material being thus very nearly negligible, the actor's methods now received undue emphasis and attention. By playing in the contemporary theatrical concoctions and performing over and over again the dramas of the past, the player developed his powers as a character actor and portrayer of emotion to a degree almost unprecedented. And since the aim of the authors who devised plays for him was to make them theatrically effective rather than true to life, he, in presenting their works, was tempted to be equally meretricious. Nature was neglected; technique approached very close to perfection. It was a time of little matter and much art.

So, while the art of drama—drama conceived as interpretive of life—marked time, the talents of the actor grew a bit over ripe and gave evidence of a tendency to go to seed, just as had been the case at a similar stage in the development of Greek acting. Toward the end of the nineteenth century new theatrical evils began to have their effect upon the art of acting: the advent of the strictly commercial manager, the exaltation of the star, the growth of the long-run system, and the disappearance of the stock company—all made the actor's proper development more difficult; and they continue still to do so.

During the interval between Sheridan and the men who laid the foundation of the modern English realistic drama, actors became virtuosi and completely outshone the dramatists. It was this epoch that produced such notable players as Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, the Keans, Macready and Irving. They were figures of great importance in the growth

of the art of presenting plays. They were great actors.

But their greatness was of a kind that the drama of to-day does not demand. When the play began again to be the thing with which to attract the public, a different style of acting was made necessary. Robertson's tea-cup-and-saucer drama and the school of realists it started, combined with the influence of Ibsen and his social drama, produced a type of play in which acting that is primarily a display of vocal and physical flexibility and emotional pyrotechnics would seem incongruous. Conditions of play-presentation were also changing. The platform stage had shrunk to the so-called apron, which in turn gave place to the picture-frame proscenium, thus isolating the actor from his audience. Improved methods of lighting made exaggerated gestures and grimaces unnecessary. At the same time scenery had evolved to a point where interiors might be shown and made to take on the appearance of actual rooms, carefully and completely furnished and suitably illuminated. Under such conditions the acting that had long been looked upon as natural was seen to have less real relation to nature than had once been supposed.

The actor had reached his goal and, not content with that, had pushed on until he overreached it. New requirements and new conceptions of what his aim ought to be, forced him to change his methods and approach a new goal by a different road. So we have the acting of the present, for the most part less technically perfect than was the acting in the period from Kemble to Irving, less striking, having less of splendor in it. But we like to think that it is deeper and truer, more natural than natural acting has ever been. At any rate, it is the acting that

modern conditions and contemporary drama and new ideals make necessary and desirable. Edmund Kean, with his terrible flashes of fury, would hardly feel at home in a drama like *The Weavers*; among the Irish Players, Henry Irving, to whom the English stage and the English actor are so greatly indebted, would find no place to fit him.

Partridge, who could see nothing worthy in Garrick's Hamlet, would be extremely bored by the acting of our time. To him our efforts to reveal people deporting themselves in drawing rooms or tenement houses as people who are used to having drawing rooms or living in tenement houses would not be "acting" at all. And he would not understand Mr. Yeats when he says, "No singer of my works must ever cease to be a man and become an instrument"; nor would the actor of what we now call the "palmy days" have wished to obey this mandate, for in doing so he would have been defeating his own ends. The acting of Kean and Irving and the men of the period they represent, was ornate. The aim of the modern actor is truth unadorned. In its evolution acting has completed the circle. It has passed through the stage of excessive artifice and arrived once more at simplicity.

ARTHUR POLLOCK.

AS TO LITTLE THEATRES



HE literary significance of the nineteenth century was the development of the novel; the literary significance of the twentieth century, gauged by events of the first decade and a half, will be the return to prominence of the drama.

This statement may indeed sound arbitrarily prophetic, but we should remember that perhaps the greatest proof of the vitality of any art is the diversity of its manifestations. It is upon its present diversity that I base my claim of a current dramatic ascendancy.

Surely any art that encompasses such dissimilar activities as the "movies" and the "little theatre" may lay claim to this title. Here, indeed, we have diversity at its greatest. Let us remember, however, that while diversity in art is a sign of healthfulness of art, each and every diversified activity cannot be constituted as positive. In every movement there is usually dross with the gold. There is dross among the gold of the present day dramatic activity. We must weigh carefully every contribution to the art of the drama in order that we may know the dross. Let us weigh the "little theatres."

Ostensibly the "little theatres" are institutions devoted to the production of drama before compensatory assemblies of the public. This should be accepted as the general definition covering every play enterprise. The presence of a public is always essential, for drama is the most democratic of arts.

Founded on the basic emotions of humanity—the fundamental natural laws governing the acts of mankind—it is primarily dependent for its effect upon that peculiar phenomenon known as the psychology of the crowd.

That is, before drama can be said to have received a fair hearing, it is not only necessary for people to assemble in a playhouse, but to coalesce into a composite unit, theatrically termed an audience, wherein individual perspectives and critical faculties are quiescent, leaving active only those primitive instincts and emotions common to all humanity. No verdict of a play read in manuscript, no verdict rendered at a private performance of invited spectators is just to play and playwright. Not until it is presented before an audience, in the true dramatic interpretation of that word, can a play be said to have received a fair trial.

What is the true dramatic interpretation of “an audience”? It is the interpretation given above—a gathering of humanity that responds to the test of the psychology of the crowd.

Obviously this eliminates the opinion formed by the individual reading of the 'script, the judgment of directors and managers at rehearsal, and even the estimate of invited guests at a private performance. It also seriously lessens the significance of a “little theatre,” for here, also, we fail to find a realization of the term audience.

A true theatre audience is highly heterogeneous. It is composed of all classes of society and all grades of intellect. Consequently the appeal of the playhouse must be comprehensive. The appeal of the little theatre is limited. It is confined to a particular class in which the suppression of individuality is difficult. The spark of emotional appeal seldom kindles

simultaneously and burns with equal intensity in the breasts of individuals who, by virtue of their self-consciousness, cannot coalesce into a theatrical audience. The prime purpose of drama is consequently defeated.

Evidently the "little theatre" falls outside the definition of a playhouse because it fails to congregate a true audience. It is selective and aristocratic, while the art it should house is collective and democratic. An undramatic product is therefore furnished. Its designers have failed to consider the relation between drama and democracy as manifest throughout the evolution of the physical theatre.

Let us digress for a few moments and consider the history of the playhouse. If we trace drama to those far-off days of prehistoric Greece when a chorus of satyrs first drew the car of Thespis across the flower-strewn glade before the Temple of Dionysus we shall convince ourselves of the all-important fact that drama was the offspring of public desire, that it, of all arts, was of and for the community. The ruins of the Theatre of Dionysus in Athens, the preserved tiers of the Roman theatre at Orange, the monastic chronicles of Mediæval mysteries performed in the shadows of Gothic naves, the Italian masque in the town square, and the pre-Elizabethan drama of the inn courtyard, all stand indisputable witnesses to the democracy of the drama.

With these all-important facts clearly in mind we are in a position to realize fully the comparative barrenness of that particular diversity of modern dramatic activity known as the little theatre.

Little theatres are builded, so their founders tell us, for the furtherance of art.—So was the Theatre of Dionysus.—Their founders believe that the furtherance of art is effected by presenting it to a select

few. This few has somewhere been termed the "aristocracy of intelligence." This "aristocracy of intelligence" is necessarily exclusive; it is not heterogeneous. It fails to respond to the psychological test for an audience. It avoids anything synonymous with democracy. In brief, it is not an assembly of the public, and consequently not a true theatre audience.

This conclusively disposes of the "little theatre" as a public institution, therefore as a democratic institution and consequently as a dramatic institution. The one remaining plea in its behalf, namely, that it constitutes a test for dramatic achievement, is invalidated by the fact that its spectators are a class, not an audience, and the only true test for drama is its presentation in a theatre before an audience.

Approaching the "little theatre" from an economical viewpoint we find that the ratio of audience to art is disastrous, disastrous not in the sense that it fails to net the large per cent of profit demanded by commercial managers, but because it fails to net any per cent of profit whatever; its box-office almost invariably shows a deficit that steadily increases as the weeks of its precarious season pass on.

But, you may argue, almost any movement for introducing true art to the public must be accompanied by a monetary loss. That is more or less true; but is the little theatre a public institution? Is the little theatre physically able to introduce art to the people? These are the questions that we must ask ourselves, and answer ourselves in regard to every institution or movement posing as art or a medium of art.

As I have stated, the average capacity of a little theatre is three hundred. The spread of the move-

ment has evinced a tendency to reduce this number. The prices of admission range from one dollar to two dollars and a half. With the more general adoption of the fad by the "intellectual aristocracies" of our cities there has developed a tendency to eliminate all but two dollar and two dollar and a half seats.

So we find little theatres of from two to three hundred capacity offering chairs at two dollars and two dollars and a half to an audience from the so-termed "aristocracy of intelligence" (a class, we are told, who appreciate and are desirous of supporting true dramatic art).

Of whom is this "aristocracy of intelligence" composed? Let us do a little investigating in Philadelphia, for Philadelphia is graced with a little theatre. Last year it closed its doors after a financially disastrous season. In spite of the fact that its capacity is limited to three hundred and thirty seats the "aristocracy of intelligence" has failed to fill even these! Unoccupied orchestra chairs have been the rule, not the exception, at the Philadelphia Little Theatre. Philadelphia is a metropolis of one and one-half million people.

Obviously the "aristocracy of intelligence" is a very limited body. It is indeed limited, limited to less than three hundred at any performance, and even the Philadelphia aristocracy compromised with democracy to the extent of installing a few one dollar seats. These, we are told, were invariably occupied at every performance.

This leads us to the conclusion that there should be more dollar seats, but again it is obvious that a theatre with a total capacity of three hundred and thirty cannot be run on a dollar basis. There is only one financial solution. The little theatre must become a big theatre.

Back in 1904 when there was awakening in England a desire to free the theatre from the inelastic bonds of commercialism, William Archer and Granville Barker compiled an estimate for a National Theatre. Considerable thought was given to the capacity of the proposed theatre, and it is indeed gratifying to know that they did not allow their idealistic flight to carry them into realms of aristocratic faddism. They never lost sight of the great truism that drama is democratic, and consequently we find their plans placing a minimum capacity of thirteen hundred and fifty-five and a maximum of fifteen hundred and fifty.

Whereas the box-office capacity of the Philadelphia Little Theatre is five hundred and sixty dollars (when the two dollar division of the "aristocracy of intelligence" turns out in force), a theatre with a capacity of fifteen hundred could reduce the scale to one dollar and, with an average attendance of one thousand, double the receipts. This would also increase the investment and the running expenses, it is true, but we must remember that the chief fault of the present "little theatre" is its inability to fill its two dollar seats while the few one dollar seats are readily salable.

Again you may contend that with the increase of seating capacity from three to fifteen hundred the "little theatre" would cease to be a "little theatre." Moreover, it would no doubt lose the patronage of a large per cent of those precious few—the "aristocracy of intelligence"—who now contribute two dollars a seat because it is a "little theatre." As there are not enough of these patrons now to buy out a three hundred and thirty seat house, there really seems little at stake.

One of the noteworthy productions of the Phila-

delphia Little Theatre for the season 1914-15 was Charles Rann Kennedy's *The Servant in the House*. In spite of the fact that this same drama enjoyed prolonged success in the commercial theatres with an average capacity of one thousand, and without considering the added inducement of the author and his talented wife, Edith Wynne Matthison, who appeared in the Little Theatre cast, it failed to draw half houses in this small playhouse.

Obviously there is something besides the price per seat that works against the success of a "little theatre." It is the undemocratic spirit that invariably dominates the movement and thwarts true democratic appeal. While proclaimed as a medium for the proper presentation of drama, the most democratic of arts, the "little theatre" is permeated with the atmosphere of a drawing-room and the exclusiveness of a debutante cotillion.

We must not confuse the "little theatre" with the community theatres of Continental Europe. There is no analogy. The latter are thoroughly democratic institutions appealing to the public at large and are entirely free of that atmosphere of "an exclusive evening among the dilettante" that pervades a "little theatre."

In conclusion, permit me to state that my reference to the classic theatres is not a plea for a return to the physical magnitude of the ancient playhouses. Vastness of auditorium can no longer be considered in the light of civic necessity. The public of our cities are not obliged to look to a single theatre for their drama, as perhaps the citizens of classic Athens looked to the Theatre of Dionysus.

Moreover, our dramatists' brushes have not that broad and indefinite sweep of the ancient Greeks. Their canvas shrinks at the very thought of exposure

to the vast outdoors. The subtlety of their lines can only be appreciated in an atmosphere of nearness. Intimacy is essential to modern realistic drama. Intimacy, however, calls for no sacrifice of the democracy of drama, no revision in the definition of "audience," for it has been fully demonstrated that a theatre of large capacity can be built with an atmosphere of true intimacy. That is purely an architectural problem, an architectural problem already solved.

This discourse on the diminutive playhouse is only a plea that we realize the true meaning and purpose of drama, know it as the most democratic of arts, disparage any attempt to render it exclusive, and understand that it can never fulfill its destiny when produced in the undemocratic atmosphere of the "little theatre" movement.

BROUGHTON TALL.

THE POPULAR DRAMA OF JAPAN: PART II

The marvelous actor of Japan will live for many years and for many centuries in the beautiful color prints of Toyokuni. They seem to cast a reflective light around him, partly the work of faded color and yellowing paper; but it is always as though the artist were gazing a little wistfully down the vista of two hundred years or so, foreseeing, in a way, the death, or the degraded end of the wonderful and terrible impersonator of Old Japan. Those print actors are scarcely more distorted and acrobatic than the stage actors, but they are less complex, less disturbing to the imagination, than those who move through the maze of a Japanese play.

Drama in Japan is divided into the Old and New Schools, and these are subdivided in turn into several distinct classes, but on the actual stage of the present day there is no division, plays of widely opposite ideas and traditions of acting being thrown together in heterogeneous confusion for a single performance. The Imperial Theatre of Tokyo leads in the chaotic production of dramatic medleys, a recent bill offering such varied attractions as an agonizing death scene in which the heroine, wife of the beloved Yoshitsune, indulges in a long soliloquy over his head and then herself expires; a mad dance by a servant girl who pretends to be the ghost of the same lady six hundred years later; a realistic earthquake in which everything on the stage collapses with cataclysmic uproar; a play lifted bodily from the doll theatre, in which two artificial lovers, a hero

in gorgeous armor and a timid princess in scarlet kimono and silver headdress, make passionate love to each other, another hero wiping the gore from his sword by the light of a cage of fireflies; a dance of two *kago* bearers with a beautiful lady in the swinging chair; and, finally, an Italian ballet, with rows of Japanese girls clad in pink tights and fluffy tarlatan, balancing on their tiptoes and posturing to the music of a modern orchestra! It was rather remarkable that on this particular occasion a performance of *La Sonnambula*, or Tolstoy's *Resurrection*, of *Hamlet*, of any of Ibsen's or Strindberg's plays, was not thrown in, and the only excuse can be that the progress of the rehearsals was not such as to warrant a public production.

Unquestionably the most significant from the point of view of dramatic art and literature, and inner truth, is the *Jidai Geki*, or historical drama, of the Old School. Because of the dramatic formalities and the traditions that have grown up around these plays, they are incomprehensible to the outsider, but the very characteristics that make them grotesque in one way of thinking are the characteristics that render them dear to the heart of the Japanese. In all of them the acting is symbolic rather than realistic, conventional rather than individual. There is a proper laugh, of mingled exultation and scorn, that must be laughed by the hero after he has accomplished his long thwarted revenge for a father's murder; he must shake his hair loose and allow one sleeve of his kimono to be thrown back in just such a way as he starts out to accomplish his revenge; the mother pleading with her wayward son must agonize in the prescribed manner of tears and sniffing; and the villain must go through his long drawn out writhings as he expiates his heinous crime. The

studied art of all these conventional situations relieves them from the faintest taint of western melodrama, for, distinguished by exquisite color settings, and by the intricate and inexpressibly graceful movements which make a dance out of a fight and a picture out of every pose, and above all by the dignity of spirit in which they are presented, they stand at a high level of histrionic interpretation.

The *Jidai Geki* is closer to the original marionette plays than any of the other forms of drama. The manner of acting, and the make-up of the actors is extremely exaggerated and unnatural. The *Gidayu* music is an essential. A singer who represents all the different *dramatis personae* by the various inflections of his voice, in a poetic dialogue of a fixed number of syllables, interprets, now the action, now the emotions of the actor. As the hero leans on his silk and lacquer armrest in deep meditation, the *Gidayu* singer gives expression to the plaintive, or passionate, or warlike thoughts that are passing through his mind. *Tsuke*, or the clapping together of short rectangular sticks at either end of the stage, in imitation of the sound of footsteps, is employed when important persons come or go; with different manipulation, it is used to heighten the effect of strong or powerful poses, fighting scenes, falling bodies, or things dropped suddenly, and a tempestuous clapping at increasing speed always indicates the end of an act or play. In much the same way, drum sounds denote rain, snow, wind, waves, thunder; the entrance and exit of demons, ghosts, and supernatural beings; and battles, fires, and any unusual alarm. The *korombo*, or black boys, are seldom off the stage, serving as prompters, or the supposedly invisible means by which properties are spirited into a scene or made to vanish when they

have served their purpose. The plots of the *Jidai Geki* are, of course, largely historical, but they deal also with mythological themes and superstitions, reinterpreted according to the accepted moral sentiments of Japan. They are never constructed in our sense of the word, but string out to five, seven, twelve, or even sixteen acts, most of them having merely incidental connection with the embroidered historical facts of some noble person's life. The authors of the plays are sometimes known, as in the case of Chikamatsu and some of the more famous ones, but usually the versions are simply those worked out by certain artists who have acted in them at some previous date, and have handed them down with an unwritten copyright to their successors in a dramatic line. For instance, *Kanjincho*, one of the most popular of all the classic plays, belongs to the Ichikawa family, of which the late Danjuro the Ninth was a member, and before any theatre can present it, permission must be obtained and a sum of three thousand yen be paid over to Danjuro's daughters and adopted sons. *Kanjincho* takes rank after the *Chiushingura*, the greatest and most popular vendetta play of Japan, dealing with the story of the Forty-seven Loyal Retainers. A remarkable theatrical situation existed recently in Tokyo, when the three leading actors of Japan were playing the rôle of Benkei in this play at the three principal theatres, while a fourth actor, Danshiro of Osaka, was announced as coming in the same production a little later. If *Hamlet* were to be given for a month in three of the largest theatres of Paris or London, and a fourth performance of the same play were expected to follow almost immediately, theatre goers would be likely to complain over the lack of variety in the theatrical program! Perhaps one reason for

the great popularity of *Kanjincho*, aside from the fact that the audience witnesses the production in the capacity of critics and knows exactly whether Benkei takes five steps forward when he should have advanced six, is the prestige that has attached to this play since a performance was given before the Emperor Meiji with Danjuro the Ninth taking part. This was the first and last time for actors of the popular school to appear in the presence of a Japanese monarch.

There is a theory, more or less put into execution, that as the evening progresses, the audience and the actors should be brought into more intimate relations. Consequently it is the usual custom for an historical drama to be followed by a domestic drama, of life and manners. These *Sewa Geki* or *Sewamono* plays, although they frequently deal with historical persons, are far less circumscribed in subject matter and technique than *Jidai Geki*. The language is more modern, and the musical accompaniment is used only now and then to emphasize sad scenes. The plays are generally tragi-comedy, with plenty of frank comedy scenes introduced. All the historical dramas, with perhaps one or two rare exceptions, are pure tragedy. A typical domestic play deals with the lives of the middle and poorer classes, sometimes introducing the military heroes of the Shogunate rule. Many of the best plays of this class were written by Mokuami in the Meiji era. Perhaps one of the most interesting is a play centering around the Potter Kakiemon, who flourished some three hundred years ago, and produced a large share of the beautiful Imari porcelain so much prized by collectors to-day. The plot is the effort of the potter to produce a certain kind of red porcelain, and the domestic tragedies of his daughter's love affairs.

The freedom from the stage atrocities of enemies' heads, *hara kari*, and so forth, is refreshing after a harrowing evening of historical bloodshed. The late Kikugoro the Fifth, father of the present actor of the same name, and Matsusuke, an old actor now appearing at the Imperial, are noted for their talent in this class of drama.

An evening or day at the theatre, as the case may be, generally ends with a *Shosa Geki* or dramatic dance, accompanied by *samisen*, drums, flutes and other instruments. Many of these are adapted from the semi-religious *Noh* dances, and are consequently very gorgeous and mystic. The costumes are invariably of wonderful brocades, and the colors such as to remain fastened in the memory. These dances are sometimes of a congratulatory character, as in the first part of the year, for instance, when the dancers and costumes represent the crane and the turtle, which signify good luck in Japan. The Lion Dance and the Fox Dance, the Sword Dance, the Cherry Dance, the Maple Dance, are all recurring favorites, and there are others too numerous to mention.

The New School embraces two divisions, the *Shimpa* or modern drama and the translated play. It was originated by Kawakami, the deceased husband of the actress Sada Yakko, who was a propagator of a certain political program about twenty years ago. He gathered some young men about him and organized the *Shimpa* or *Soshi Geki*, *Soshi* meaning young political ruffian. These men were entirely ignorant of the old theatrical formalities; nor were they more familiar with the technical dramatic movements and dances. They simply jumped on the stage and started boldly playing pieces based on incidents of the contemporary Meiji era. Their

freehand acting, and the new plots dealing with events of almost current interest, such as the China-Japan War, and a whole modern paraphernalia of thieves and detectives and petty persons, aroused the curiosity and temporary interest of the public. Starting from this non-artistic type of performance, Kawakami and his followers worked over into more sentimental productions. Meanwhile he married Sada Yakko, who also made her appearance on the stage. After their visits to Europe and America, where they acquired some knowledge of modern European dramas, and also the businesslike management of the theatrical business, they introduced several famous foreign plays, such as *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Monna Vanna*, and so forth, to the Japanese boards. These, of course, were rewritten with local Japanese coloring, and the characters made to appear Japanese, although there were occasional attempts to make use of foreign costume. In *Hamlet*, for instance, the King's costume was carefully reproduced from the uniform of the present King of Denmark, in a photograph, but Hamlet appeared wearing the costume of a young *samurai* of Japan. If these discrepancies were noticed at all, little was thought of them.

It was Kawakami also who introduced radical reforms in the old theatrical habits of Japan, both before and behind the curtain. After his death, the Shimpa School lost its popularity to such a degree that the greater number of the actors engaged in the company went over into the penny shows of Asakusa Park, the White City of Tokyo, where they are appearing to-day in the *Rensa Geki*, or combined cinematograph and modern acting. The cause of the decadence of *Shimpa* is two-fold: the members ignored dramatic art, both in plots and action, and

simply talked and moved on the stage as in daily life, and their plays were nothing but family troubles which might be experienced at home without the necessity of going to the theatre. The careless way of producing the pieces, with the absence of gorgeous costuming and musical enjoyment, helped to cool down the enthusiasm which had flared up at the introduction of what was thought to be a new type of creative drama. The other half of the responsibility for the failure of *Shimpa* rests with the fact that no authors appeared on the scene to produce plays that might have had lasting recognition. At the present moment an effort is being made by men of serious aims to recover some of the influence of the *Shimpa* School. Dr. Tsubouchi, a professor in Waseda University and an eminent Shakespearean critic in Japan, is attempting to write plays dealing with problems of significance in the life of modern Japan, and he has personally trained a company of actors in the new technique required for the interpretation of this type of drama.

The translated drama, known as *Honyaku Geki*, has been in vogue for five or six years among the student and literati class, and many amateur societies and companies have been formed for the purpose of promoting the translated drama in Japan. A number of young actresses and actors have created names for themselves in these plays, Miss Matsui, of Dr. Tsubouchi's company, who has acted Nora, Cleopatra, Salome, Magda, Katusha, and twenty or thirty other rôles, taking the lead. An ex-professor of Waseda, Mr. Togi, has also come to the front in plays of Shakespeare, Ibsen, Shaw, Strindberg, and Tolstoi. There is nothing that is put on in Europe or America that does not have a trial in Japan. The Irish plays, *Hedda Gabler* and *Gabriel Borkmann*,

Tintagiles, Hannele, Electra, Faust and Macbeth, Bjornstjerne Bjornson's *When the New Wine Blooms*, or *Marriage*, Gorky's *Lower Depths*, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, *Typhoon*, are representative of some of the ambitious attempts in legitimate drama; *The Chocolate Soldier*, *The Mikado*, in lighter vein; *La Tosca*, *Madame Butterfly*, *The Magic Flute*, *Hansel and Gretel*, *Boccaccio*, in opera—for the Imperial Theatre runs an opera department under the direction of Signior Rosi, former director of one of the London opera houses. An effort is made to have the scenes, costumes, and make-up reproduce those of European production, with the result that they are farcical in the extreme. The angels in Hansel's and Hannele's dreams wore heavy white woolen nightgowns, and swung in on wires, crowned with stiff little wreaths of pink roses. The foreign gowns are of unknown vintage, being makeshifts of badly hanging and ugly clothes; shoes appear where there should be slippers, and occasionally bedroom slippers of blue or pink worsted make their way onto the stage when other so-called foreign footgear is unavailable. If the presentation is awkward, the spirit of the foreign drama is even more badly mangled. The sentiments and morals are totally different from those of Japan, and are perfectly incomprehensible to the general public. The dialogue is sometimes the literal translation of the original tongue, and sometimes a conglomeration of misunderstanding. Rarely, as under the direction of someone like Dr. Tsubouchi, it takes on the aspect of an earnest translation. The real significance of this drama lies in the fact that a need is felt for plays that make some call upon the thinking faculties. Beautiful as the old *Jidai Geki* and *Sewa Geki* always are, and morally uplifting as they sometimes

are, they seldom inspire thought, and they are too far removed from the life of the present day to have any vital significance. One thing is sure, however, no future national drama of Japan can develop from seeds of foreign importation.

Probably Tojuro is the greatest actor Japan has ever known. He lived in the brilliant Genroku period of Japanese history (1688-1704), and is credited with introducing naturalism into acting. Had methods of realism developed, Japanese acting would doubtless have followed the same lines as those of the realistic schools of Europe, but Danjuro the First, with his imitation of the puppet acting, established a convention from which the actors are still unable to break away. This long line of actors matured in the ninth and last, whose name is not unknown in western fields, although he himself never traveled out of Japan. There are many stories of Danjuro the Ninth, whose visiting card bore the modest inscription, "The Chief Actor of Japan." At the age of seventy he was still playing juveniles, comedy parts, and young girl heroines—an actor with more versatility has never lived. Not many years before he died, when the only other actors of the Meiji era who might claim rivalry with him, Kikugoro and Sadanji, were at their height of popularity, a famous story teller called upon him and asked him incidentally in the course of the conversation what the people would do when he and Kikugoro were gone.

"Oh, well," replied Danjuro, "there is Sadanji."

"Yes, but Sadanji is no longer young. What will the theatregoers do when he is gone?"

"I pity the audiences of those days!" answered the chief actor of Japan.

Among the women, Ichikawa Kumehachi, a pupil

of Danjuro, held the foremost rank until her death two or three years ago. Danjuro once said of her, "If she had been a man, her acting would have surpassed mine!"

Although a few great artists were able to rise above the stigma attached to the theatrical profession in its early history, actors in general were considered as one of the lowest and most degraded of the social classes. The Japanese name for them was literally "riverside beggars," and in referring to them the numerals used to denote or count animals were employed. They were compelled to live and act only in a certain quarter of the city, Saruwaka Machi in the Asakusa District, and the most popular and influential actor of this quarter had to cover his face with a straw head cover whenever he went outside the prescribed limits. Of course, the immorality and laxity of character among those engaged in the theatrical profession had much to do with the position in which they were held. It was not until the Meiji Revolution in the 80's that actors, for the first time, were given the privilege of full citizenship. It is generally stated that people of the upper classes never attended the theatres, but it is scarcely likely that an escapade of such charming possibilities as a prohibited theatre party was not indulged in very frequently by the court ladies and nobles. In any case, people of any position always bought their tickets to the theatre through a theatrical tea house, a custom which is still in existence, and one which has done much to hamper the larger development of the Japanese theatre. In spite of their profession, actors of popularity receive salaries far out of proportion to salaries paid in other professions. It is not unusual for an actor to receive as much as \$15,000 or \$20,000 in gold for an engagement, but out

of this he must support his followers or pupils, who are destined to take up his name and promote his influence and style in future generations.

During the days when women were prohibited from acting in public in the same company with men, a special art of female impersonation grew up, which exists to-day in all its remarkable perversion of realism. The *onnagata*, or men who impersonate the female characters, are trained from childhood to this arduous task, and often become half women in the process. It is said that many of them wear women's garments off the stage as well as on, study various feminine accomplishments such as flower arrangement and the tea ceremony and spend their entire life in the society of women, in order that they may acquire the mannerisms and exact bearing of women. Certainly the deception is often remarkable, and except for the peculiar falsetto voice, would be unremarked. The long kimono covering the feet, the type make-up of thick white powder, small red mouth, and high arched eyebrows, and elaborate hair dress, and the naturally slender bodies and long, delicate hands of the Japanese men, help to facilitate the rôle. The most famous *oyama* in Japan at the present moment is Utayemon, an old actor at the Kebuki-za, and with him is associated Uzaemon, the most finished dancer on the Japanese stage. The Imperial Theatre boasts of three stars, Sojuro, Baiko, and Sonosuke for *onnagata* parts, Baiko specializing within this field in the rôles of ghosts, spirits, mad women and supernatural beings. There are many great actors in Japan, Koshiro at the Imperial, Kichiyemon and Kikugoro at the Ichimura-za, Enjiro, Danshiro, and Ganjiro, of Osaka. A few years ago an Actresses' School was started in connection with the Imperial Theatre, and

a number of young women of the best families flocked to join the classes under the theatre management. It cannot be said that the actresses of Japan have really presented any great artist to the stage as yet, but Miss Matsui, trained under Dr. Tsubouchi, Miss Mori, and Sada Yakko have claimed some attention. By the time the drama evolves out of its present chaotic condition, it is likely that there will be capable and well educated women whose services can be enlisted.

The question of the peculiar art of the Japanese stage, like that of the prints, will doubtless remain an unsettled one. There are those like William Archer who characterize it as insensate and barbarous, and never get beyond being amused at the *korombo*, the stage horse, and the severed wax head of the enemy, with no raw or bleeding edges. But after all, conventions exist in every country, accepted and approved by the people of that country, ludicrous and absurd enough, perhaps, to the outsiders. It is not everyone in the western hemisphere that has yet felt the influence of Gordon Craig and the school of the new stage scenery advocates, and has come to look upon the flimsy convention of a painted back drop representing the Castle of Elsinore as anything questionable. And there are those who find that the Japanese dramatic art contains a pictorial beauty and an artistic force that is most wanting on the European stage, and look forward with regret to an invasion of the eastern drama by western ideas.

One is fain to look on the most hopeful side. When two famous actors drop their lines for a brief moment, and kneeling in their gorgeous kimonos on the floor of the stage near the footlights, with a small figure between them, make their bows to the audience

and begin an introduction bespeaking the patronage of the public for the little son, or the pupil, it may be, of some friend with whom they have been in long and intimate contact, and the child actor raises his face and thanks the audience seriously and gratefully for its favor, it is a symbol that their dramatic spirit is to be carried forward into the future—with changes, perhaps, but surely as a living and growing art.

GERTRUDE EMERSON.

CARL HAUPTMANN



AMONG the contemporary writers collectively called Young Germany, Carl Hauptmann occupies a unique position. Though he belongs to the generation which in the eighties heralded and effected a revaluation of esthetic and other values, he did not share the feverish desire of those young men for self-expression, and let the storm and stress of the period pass by before he gave to the public a work from his pen. No less curious is the fact that this first work was of a philosophical character: *Die Metaphysik in der modernen Physiologie* (1893). Perhaps this deliberate philosophical self-restraint gave his subsequent poetical works their unusual character. It made him see beyond the currents of the time and saved him from running aground on the sandbanks of foregone conclusions and deceptive sophisms in which his generation had become involved.

Like his more famous brother, Gerhart, like Halbe, Hartleben and the others, he was a child of the age of Nietzsche, Ibsen, Tolstoy and Zola. He accepted their several creeds, but he never lost his sense of proportion. He saw human life ever in its entity and in its relation to the universe. He had never become such a stranger to the soil, to the fundamentals of life, the simple round of causes and effects which make up existence on our planet, as the majority of Young Germany, who lived and worked in the capital of the empire and whose outlook was

limited by metropolitan concepts and conditions. His eye embraced it all: the simple homely life of the peasants, miners, weavers and glass-blowers of his home and the complex and pretentious life of the intellectuals, the wealthy and the noble in the large industrial and commercial cities. Equally familiar with both, he maintained a certain wholesome and mature vision of the world about him, while the others were swept along by the currents and counter-currents of their time and struggled in vain to gain a sure footing.

No doubt it was his early occupation with metaphysical problems that made him react against the cold intellectualism of his time. For Carl Hauptmann creates not according to certain esthetic formulas, but in the manner of the poet-seers of old, instinctively, almost sub-consciously. He is not a faithful reflector of what he sees, a direct echo of what he hears, but rather a revealer of what he dreams and an interpreter of the longings and the dreams of his fellow-men. For life is to him a dream-world, a fabric made up of longings and desires in the fulfillment of which man seeks his happiness. To deal with such quantities, often unavowed and more often unexpressed, presupposes a certain reserve, a chaste restraint essentially different from the blunt demonstrativeness of the naturalistic school. Hauptmann knows that he is treading on delicate ground; he tiptoes along the path before him, and what he discovers and observes in his random wanderings through the byways of the human soul is sacred to him. It is something not to be spoken of aloud in the gross vernacular of the street and the market-place. Hence he seems only to whisper it to those that understand, in broken sentences, in monosyllables conveying little more than a hint, a

vague allusion. That is the impressionistic manner in which he reproduces the inner life. It must be admitted that it is singularly suited to the matter dealt with.

Apart as Carl Hauptmann stands from the majority of his contemporaries, he shares with them the sympathy with the great mass struggling for mere existence. The poor have no warmer advocate than is Carl Hauptmann, both in his stories and his plays. The sexual problem also engages his attention, though never as exclusively as it does many of his fellow writers. He is most engrossed in the character of his people and is especially skillful in dealing with such qualities as the passion of property and the peasant's attachment to the home of his forefathers. In *Ephraims Breite*, which saw the footlights in 1900, this problem divides interest with the sexual. Proud of the acres he has inherited and determined to transmit to worthy offspring, wealthy Ephraim is kind-hearted at core, but loathes to see his only daughter marry an impecunious foreign farm-hand who is scheming to step into the old man's shoes. When, after the wedding, the black-haired Bohemian resumes his relations with an old sweetheart, the bride shows her mettle. She, too, is of the hard, unyielding peasant fibre; she, too, is proud of her possessions. When the husband and father of her child spends a night with the other woman, she turns from the man whom she had blindly trusted and loved and banishes him from her threshold. The action is very meagre; all interest centers in the characters, which are drawn with amazing vitality. The play suffers somewhat from Carl Hauptmann's tendency to convey the impression of an inner dramatic conflict rather than to present it in its external manifestation. But there is an element of power in

it which was immediately recognized by sympathetic critics and which placed the author in the same rank as his brother Gerhart as a dramatist of Silesian peasant life.

The comparison thus evoked proved for many years a stumbling block in Carl Hauptmann's career. The success of Gerhart had been so instantaneous, his path so smooth and even, that it seemed almost hopeless for the older man to gain recognition in a field in which the younger seemed to reign supreme. Identified as he had been with philosophy and metaphysics, he was to many critics that had acclaimed Gerhart the greatest German poet of the time, "the other Hauptmann," who in unreasonable and unwarranted ambition was endeavoring to emulate his brother's example. Few seemed to realize that Carl, of different temperament and slower development, had only found himself after tentatively groping his way through the maze of abstract speculation towards a poetic realization of the ideas with which his brain was teeming and the images with which his fancy was alive.

Another early play, *Marianne* (1894), dealt with the problem of elective affinity and, in the author's reserved treatment of psychological conflicts, struck too foreign a note at a time when the unreserved imitators of Zola were outdoing their master and model in unabashed truthfulness. The popular triangle was presented with such delicacy that it made no impression whatever upon the greater part of the audience which attended the performance at the Berlin Freie Volksbühne in 1902. A third play of the period, *Des Königs Harfe* (1903), had in it more poetical symbolism than tangible action and is a typical specimen of Hauptmann's curious tendency to hold back his real meaning and suggest it so vaguely

that it becomes almost unintelligible. Yet the play contained the nucleus of real drama. A revolution in the capital has deposed the king. His peasant people are indignant and set out to help him. While the youthful monarch and his spouse are whiling away their time, oblivious to reality, the dowager queen dies. The insurrection reaches a climax when her funeral procession is hooted by the mob. The peasants arrive in time to free the king, who has been made a prisoner, and to reestablish him. But he pardons the leaders of the rebels, who have been condemned to death, yet does not regain his wonted cheerfulness. At last he disappears. A fisherman in a village on the coast prepares to cross the sea in quest of the lost king. But the people find him in a hermit who comes to them from his solitude. He has learned to seek his happiness in that of his people and the royal harp is once more heard by his enraptured subjects. The story hangs but loosely together and the charm of the work lies entirely in its subtle atmosphere and poetic language.

Two years later Hauptmann returned to the peasant drama with *Die Austreibung*, which calls forth comparison with *Ephraims Breite*. The setting of both is his native Silesia. The peasant's attachment to his home and his acres, and the crude sexual passion of a sensual woman are the two problems that determine the plot. From the village tavern in the valley, the widower Steyrer has brought his second wife to his lonely mountain hut. The solitude palls on the woman and, when the count, whose forests are adjacent to the property, proposes to buy it, she urges her husband to accept the offer. He refuses and argues with her, but during a kirmess signs the contract. Caught in a storm, he seeks the hospitality

of a strange roof. There he overhears a compromising conversation between his wife and her latest lover. The woman lures the man to her new home and, when he tries to escape, the husband kills him. The old theme is skillfully handled. The construction is firm and the motives clearly worked out. The characters, too, are strongly conceived and definitely outlined. But the use of verse, incongruous in a play so naturalistic in character, seriously affected the impression which the work produced on the stage. Still the critics recognized its power and the author received for it one-third of the popular Schiller prize.

With Carl's steady advance comparison with his brother Gerhart became more frequent. There is little doubt that he has the deeper insight, the finer sensibility and a most unusual feeling for the essence of things and their secret relations. The life that he creates is a stronger inner life; it is deeply rooted in the very fundamentals of existence. The men and women of his peasant dramas are really children of the Silesian mountains, weathered in the storms that sweep across their peaks. They are more genuine products of the soil than Gerhart's Silesians. Carl seems to have the greater creative power, seems more independent of current ideas and moods. He is the poet who in the frenzy of inspiration heeds little the traditional formulas and hardly considers the effect of his work. Gerhart, on the contrary, is ever conscious of his audience. But he has the constructive power and is the better builder.

In the book of plays called *Panspiele* (1910) Carl Hauptmann indulges more freely than anywhere else in his desire to convey the psychic atmosphere of the segment of life which he portrays. They are remarkable specimens of dramatic impressionism, but are hardly tempting to the actor or the stage

manager. The most playable is *Der Antiquar*, in which a young wife and a young clerk carry on a flirtation, while the old man watches them suspiciously in the intervals of attending to his business. The three characters stand out in clear and strong outline against the picturesque background of the antiquary's shop and the end has in it an element of genuine humor. The two-act carnival tragi-comedy, *Fasching*, deals with a far more complex problem, that of an artist who tries to shield his young daughter from the contamination of a Bohemianism which leads her into a compromising situation. Subtle in its psychology but very trying in the mannerisms of its style, is the little play entitled *Frau Nadja Bjelew*. The character of the heroine is an unmistakable embodiment of that unconditional devotion to an ideal cause frequent among Russians. The short play in verse which introduces the volume treats a scene from Chinese royal life and offers a mere poetic essence of the problem involved. Nothing more remote from the obvious and the commonplace can be imagined than these plays. However, even when given at what the Germans appropriately call an "intimate" theatre, they have proved too elusive to be enjoyed thoroughly save by a few.

In two ambitious attempts at historical drama has Carl Hauptmann proved his strength, but also shown his weakness. In *Moses* (1906) he undertook to trace the development of the Jewish race parallel with the life of the great prophet. The figure of the hero is invested with the commanding dignity and distinction which has made the Moses of Michelangelo one of the most powerful works of art. The types grouped about him are drawn with great strength and are admirably individualized. Some of the scenes make very effective reading, especially the one

in which Joshua and Caleb describe the promised land. But though the character of Moses alone is strong enough to carry the whole play, the action which stretches over his long life is panoramic rather than dramatic. With all its rare qualities, the play shows the author's inability to control the amazing wealth of his poetical ideas and to weld into concrete form the abstract fancies of his imagination.

This is in a measure equally true of his *Napoleon Bonaparte* (1911), a monumental dramatization of the life of the Corsican. The prelude cleverly introduces his parents, fugitives in the revolution which convulses their native island, both bringing out qualities which later appear perfected and potentially raised in the son. The rough shepherd types against the rugged mountain landscape form pictures that suggest canvases of Salvator Rosa. The atmosphere of unrest within and danger without attunes the reader to the storm and stress of the life in store for the boy, peacefully slumbering in a basket attached to the donkey which is carrying his mother to safety. The first part of the drama deals with the citizen Bonaparte and begins with his conquest of Josephine. It conveys a most vivid sense of the lightsome and frivolous spirit of the Directoire. The triumphant Mediterranean career of Bonaparte brings into relief the irresistible power of his personality, as he outwits the wily diplomats that meet him in conference and inspires with his own courage and energy the soldiers arrayed before him. In the convent scene he even proves his power over those whose kingdom is not of this world. A significant creation of the author's is the "pale young man in chains," who accompanies Bonaparte, invisible to anybody but himself, and appears at critical moments to warn him. It is this phantom-symbol of his

starved and fettered conscience that wrings from Bonaparte the promise of a truly democratic constitution for France, which he himself calls the first and last idea and the only legacy of the great Revolution.

The second part of this dramatic colossus effectively groups the events which marked the career of the emperor and conqueror until his abdication, and the postlude presents his tragic end on St. Helena. The spirit of the work approaches the classical ideal of historic drama more nearly than any other work of the kind that has come from the pens of Young Germany. Carl Hauptmann's conception of the character of Bonaparte throbs with profound human sympathy. He understands him in his overpowering strength and in the moments of weakness that prove his kinship with the humblest mortal. The numerous characters are sketched with remarkable vitality. The dramatic construction is firmer in outline than that of *Moses*. Moreover, the language shows a perceptible departure from the author's tendency to convey the impression of impulses and ideas merely dawning upon the conscience, by a cryptic language which defies comprehension and is burdened with mannerisms. Though, like his *Moses*, more panoramic than dramatic, the work gave evidence of progress in the direction in which the ultimate perfection of his unusual gifts was to be expected.

Carl Hauptmann has since sent out some works which confirmed the hopes of those who from the beginning of his poetical career had faith in his genius. The "other" Hauptmann has proved his mettle and his right to be named in one breath with his famous brother. When he returned to the Silesian village drama with *Die lange Jule* (1913), it was evident that he had made great progress in construction. It

is a most powerful tragedy built upon the passion for property. The heroine has the peasant's attachment for the soil which her forefathers had tilled and on which she has been reared, and she expects to succeed her widowed father as owner of the old homestead. He has violently opposed her marriage, and when he contemplates taking a second wife, Jule even more violently opposes his re-marriage, because it means that she will forfeit her right to the property. Both characters are of the tough, unyielding fibre which Carl Hauptmann so effectively portrays in *Ephraims Breite* and *Die Austreibung*. On the old man's deathbed Jule desperately claims her own and he curses her. From that moment her only aim is to buy the mortgage which the widow is unable to pay and to dispossess the hated intruder. Her greed and her cruelty are somewhat relieved by her sentiment for the old home with its family associations. Nor is her conscience quite deaf to the warning that comes to her through the medium of her father's ghost. But her obsession already borders on madness and as her character outgrows the limitations of human feeling it assumes uncanny proportions. That the author was able to surround his Jule with figures able to hold their own is proof of the strength that went into the creation of the whole play. The action progresses with something like inevitable logic and has moments of thrilling suspense. That the coveted property is destroyed by fire on the very night when Jule enters upon its possession, is an unexpected and powerful climax.

Close upon the successful presentation of that play at the opening of the new royal theatre in Dresden, followed the first performance in Hamburg of a poetic drama of entirely different character, *Die armseligen Besenbinder* (1913). The author had

nursed his imagination upon the folklore of his country until its spirit entered his soul and quickened the poetical concepts of his creative mind. The fanciful symbolism, the quaint mannerisms of language, the homely ethical message seem indigenous to the plain folk of the Riesengebirge. As he interprets the subconscious dreams and longings of the poor people he naturally adopts their vernacular and reflects their pitifully helpless efforts at expression of what is but dimly dawning on the threshold of their consciousness. Unrelieved in its sordid misery is the life of old father Raschke, the broombinder, save for the illusions he cherishes and the dream that haunts him. His younger son has gone out into the world, leaving in the old people's care his daughter; and neither the old man nor the girl ever falter in their belief that he will return a rich man and rescue them from wretchedness. In the meantime, owning barely more than the rags on their body and looked upon as outlaws by the property-holding country-folk, they live up to their unsavory reputation, trespassing against some of the laws which seem to have been framed to protect only the rich. The scene at the gate of heaven, where the old man arrives intoxicated with stolen wine and hears the cheering message from St. Peter that those who were poor shall there be rich, and where he is temporarily turned away with the promise of admission as soon as the absent son comes back to redeem the family's honor, is most effective. To blend the sordid reality of these pauper lives with the pathetic elusiveness of their dreams was a difficult task and in not a few passages the fusion of fact and fiction is by no means perfect. But the genuine poetic quality and the earnestness and sincerity of its spirit give that work a potent and unique charm.

Critics have long ceased to compare the work of the two Hauptmanns. They have at last found Carl Hauptmann to be a personality of independent worth and of unusual calibre. When the centenary of the Wars of Liberation kindled the latent spark of patriotism and revived memories of Arndt and Fichte, von Stein and Gneisenau, Carl Hauptmann did not immediately seize upon the timely topic. A year later, when the high tide of this centenary literature had ebbed away, he sent out his *Krieg-ein Tedeum* (1914), which was reminiscent of the history of the struggles against Napoleon, but is essentially a dramatic summary of war in general, based upon an artist's individual poetic concept. In the light of later events it can be considered a landmark, not only in the author's own development, but in that of modern German literature. For he has removed the historic foundation into the realm of imagination and while the symbols which he has created pass in impressive procession across the pages of the book, he links the past to the future, drawing the ultimate consequences of the wars that were and the war to be. There is prophetic vision in the tragi-comedy of blundering diplomacy, in the infectious response to the patriotic suggestion, in the wholesale destruction of life and property, in the gruesome aftermath of poverty and pestilence. It was the work of a poet whose vision might have been inspired by the canvases of Vereschagin. The conscience of humanity gave birth to the scene where the offspring of Enoch, the son of the minister of state, is brought by his unmarried mother to the little chapel built among the ruins by an old priest, and the cripples crowding about the child, exclaim: "Enoch, the son of Cain!" But the quickening force of hope in a better future makes the poet drop the curtain over that

scene to the distant strain of a shepherd's spring song.

It was a pathetic coincidence that the pages of the *Berliner Tageblatt* of May 21, 1914,* contained an appreciation of this play by Bertha von Suttner, who only a few weeks later passed away and was thus spared the disheartening realization that the dream of peace to which she had devoted her life was to be ruthlessly destroyed in the summer that followed. It is a no less tragic coincidence for the author that the outbreak of the war made the human message hidden in the symbolism of that play most untimely after a narrow patriotism had sounded the keynote for everything that has since been written in Germany. The play represents the climax of Carl Hauptmann's development as a writer of poetical drama. It shows him as an almost unparalleled creator of symbolical figures that impress themselves almost indelibly upon the memory of the reader.

* The play is, according to Frau von Suttner, a poet's conception of war, without pre-conceived idealization or condemnation. She calls it "a vision from which he fearlessly tears the mask, but the Medusan power of which fills him with infinite wonder, like God, Satan, nature, eternity—briefly all abysmally incomprehensible riddles of the world."

She continues:

"Great works of poetry have also something of the nature of riddles: they cannot be interpreted at once. I will therefore not attempt to discuss the conception of the phenomenon *war*, which seems to underlie the play: I myself take quite a different stand from that of the author. He does not fight war, but he is amazed by it—passionately, indignantly amazed—and what he wants to show is simply the vision which had been revealed to his inspired mind just as he saw it—and saw through it.

"The political and social effect which the work is bound to have, I will not discuss; I will speak only of the poetical and theatrical effect. From that standpoint the play has a power and a splendor which few works of dramatic literature possess. The play is not realistic, although some war-scenes of a robust and forceful realism do occur; it is rather fantastic and symbolical; it is full of faint Maeterlinckian shivers and again of deafening Walpurgian horrors. . . . The climax of the play will be the end of the third act which fairly takes one's breath away by a truly Wagnerian *crescendo* of images and sounds, of passions lashed into madness."

The great European accountant, the escaped state visionary with the traits of the Corsican, the state minister caught in the meshes of diplomatic mistakes, the visionary miner, all these figures stand out against the shifting background with admirable vitality and it is not difficult to read their meaning between the lines of the dialogue. *Krieg-ein Tedeum* is a play that would lend itself admirably to the art of a Reinhardt and, if staged by such a master, might prove a valuable medium of propaganda against war.

Since the publication of that play the great war of the nations has made war itself from the patriotic viewpoint of the individual combatants the all-absorbing theme of contemporary letters. Carl Hauptmann, too, has been carried away by the emotional wave which swept over Germany. But the one-act plays entitled *Aus dem grossen Kriege* (1915) do not show any progress in his individual growth. They are founded upon fictitious, though by no means improbable, incidents of the war. He has cleverly welded into the form of a dramatic scene the call to arms in *Der Wächter auf dem Berge*. In *Allerseelen* he effectively employs a hospital incident. A strange but impressive little play is *Genie und Gespenster*. The scene is a laboratory, the hero a scholar who boasts of having invented the formidable instruments that make war more murderous than ever. But he is unsettled by the beat of drums, the bugle calls, the roar of cannons and the moans and the cheers of the people. In the midnight hour he is visited by a succession of specters representing different social strata and is made to realize his kinship with ordinary mortals and his smallness compared with the heroism of the common soldier. That play is the only one in the volume which seems

to convey a broader human message; for in all the others the author has—sometimes rather forcedly—introduced the national songs of his country which at this time do not appeal to the foreign reader. That the curtain should fall on the scene in the Belgian cathedral to the tune of the *Wacht am Rhein* is felt almost as a breach of good taste. *Hockende Vampire*, the scene of which is the English channel, is thrilling in its dramatic intensity, but the final cry: “Wehe England!” painfully suggests the mass chorus of songs of threat and hatred indulged in by those German poets whom Carl Hauptmann seemed to outrank in depth and breadth of human sympathy. It is to be hoped that when normal vision returns to his people, he may rouse himself to a more worthy effort than this volume. But it is doubtful whether, after the great emotional crisis of the war, he will ever be able to surpass his *Krieg-ein Tedeum*.

AMELIA VON ENDE.

WAR

A Tedeum

by

Carl Hauptmann.

Authorized Translation by Amelia von Ende.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

PRINCE KAIL, MINISTER OF STATE.

PRINCESS KAIL.

ENOCH, THEIR SON.

GRUSHKA.

MOTHER MARIA SALESIA.

ANOTHER CABINET MINISTER.

SCHALAST, SECRETARY TO PRINCE KAIL.

APTEKA, RETIRED BUSINESS MAN.

OTREMBA, RETIRED BUSINESS MAN.

THE PORTER.

KASPAB, THE VALET.

PETER HEISSLER.

MRS. HEISSLER.

THE EUROPEAN ACCOUNTANT.

THE ARMORED ARCHANGEL.

THE WORLD POWER BEASTS.

THREE PHANTOMS OF HORROR.

A DRUNKEN MAN.

A POOR WOMAN.

ANOTHER POOR WOMAN.

A POOR MAN.

THE ESCAPED STATE VISIONARY.

A FRENCH GENERAL.

ANOTHER GENERAL.

A VALET.

TWO NAPOLEONIC GRENADIERS OF THE GUARD.

A FRENCH GUIDE.

ANOTHER FRENCH GUIDE.

A RAGGED WOMAN.

A WOMAN SUTLER.

A CHILD.

A GROUP OF PANIC-STRICKEN, RAGGED WOMEN.

A GROUP OF NURSES.

FATHER FRANCIS.

A HAIRY CRIPPLE.

ANOTHER CRIPPLE.

A THIRD CRIPPLE.

A ONE-ARMED AND ONE-EYED CRIPPLE.

A SHEPHERD CRIPPLE.

A PHILOSOPHER CRIPPLE.

A BLACKSMITH CRIPPLE.

A CRIPPLE IN AN OLD FROCK COAT.

A JOLLY CRIPPLE.

MEMBERS OF THE CABINET, MEMBERS OF THE ARISTOCRACY, YOUNG COUPLES, YOUNG OFFICERS, LADIES IN BALL-DRESS, VALETS, PORTERS, PAUPERS, CHILDREN, RETIRED BUSINESS MEN, FACTORY- AND VILLAGE-GIRLS, MINERS AND OTHER LABORERS, A COLUMN OF GERMAN RESERVISTS, A COLUMN OF GERMAN INFANTRY, FRENCH OFFICERS, FRENCH SOLDIERS, WOUNDED MEN OF DIVERS NATIONALITY, SOME SISTERS OF CHARITY, A NONEGENARIAN, GERMAN TROUPS, CORPSES, CRIPPLES IN A MONSTROUS STATE OF MUTILATION AND RAGGEDNESS.

WAR

PART ONE

On one side are the palace and the park surrounded by a strong iron fence and high shrubbery. On the terrace are placed wicker chairs and tables. The balustrade is richly ornamented with flowers. On the other side lie low village huts, and between them the village street. Roads run in various directions.

There is a party in the palace. Two torches burn on the gateposts. The terrace is dimly lighted, but the windows throw out the brilliant illumination within. Around the iron fence have gathered the poor folk of the village, especially women and children. Some men are among them. When the violins in the ballroom strike a dance tune, children and girls before the gate join in the dance. In the village only one window shows a light.

PRINCESS KAIL. [*Wrapped in a red silk shawl, her hair parted Madonna-like, she comes from the palace and goes down the steps into the garden and calls softly.*] Enoch, where are you?

ENOCH. [*A young officer in the uniform of the black hussars appears on a balcony above.*] I am here, mother; why do you call me? What have I to do with your feast of joy?

PRINCESS KAIL. [*Hurrying towards a shrub.*] I must break a twig of wilted foliage and smell the mold and the odor of death. I feel once more how we are all sacrificed. I, too, wander about—find no rest in the halls of pleasure. Visions haunt me. I see

armies of white and red murderers rushing upon one another, over meadows and fields. I see death, in a thousand gaudy costumes, striking with invisible hammers, laying low everything as with a stone-crusher; and I listen to the hymns of war, thundering through the air like a host of armored angels!

ENOCH. Mother, compose yourself.

PRINCESS KAIL. [*As though waking from a trance.*] The voice of the sublime is silent. Oh, I have you once more. I was so worried—I see you again.

ENOCH. Mother, how your eyes are shining!

PRINCESS KAIL. Join the merry-makers, Enoch. Seem jolly, even if you are sad at heart. Come, before father and his guests look for you.

ENOCH. I cannot face my father today. I am soiled and tainted like a mangy cur. To you I can confess it—for you are my mother. A mother is always passionately eager to kiss away the stains of disgrace from her children.

PRINCESS KAIL. Yes—yes—yes.

ENOCH. But father's eye stings as with spines, so that shame overwhelms me. Oh, and now even more guests are coming—at midnight. [*He disappears from the balcony. On a side path appears a solemn procession of servants and uniformed dignitaries escorting a sedan. They approach in silence.*]

PRINCESS KAIL. [*Looking about timidly and speaking to herself.*] More guests coming—at midnight. Enoch! Enoch!

[*A fat porter in braided uniform has suddenly appeared at the gate and opened it. The PRINCESS hurries into the palace.*]

THE PEOPLE. [*Crowding about the gate, while the sedan is carried towards the palace.*] Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

[Servants hurry out upon the steps leading to the entrance. The sedan is carried up to them. From the doors of the palace come gentlemen in military and other official dress. From the sedan a bear in ermine mantle walks solemnly erect through the crowd of masters and servants, welcoming him with deep courtesies. Everything goes on in absolute silence. The terrace is empty once more. When the palace doors close, the Russian national anthem is heard for a moment, and a flourish of trumpets.]

In the meantime the PORTER is trying to keep the crowding villagers from the gate.]

PORTER. Quiet here! If you can't be still, even behind the fence, I must drive you away.

A POOR WOMAN. Mr. Porter, Mr. Porter!

PORTER. What is it? What do want of Mr. Porter?

THE POOR WOMAN. I think it is the sovereign lady's birthday today; they are dancing in there; it is a birthday party.

PORTER. Well, what of it? It is her birthday; her sovereignty, the Princess, saw on this day for the first time the star shining over her palace.

ANOTHER POOR WOMAN. There they bring somebody else in a sedan!

[From another side path comes another solemn procession of uniformed dignitaries and servants escorting a sedan. They approach in silence.]

THE PEOPLE. *[Crying at the gate.]* Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

[Servants hurry out upon the steps leading to the entrance. The sedan is carried up to them. From the doors of the palace come gentlemen in military and other official dress. From the sedan steps a

rooster in ermine mantle and walks solemnly erect through the crowd of masters and servants welcoming him with deep courtesies. Everything goes on in absolute silence. The terrace is empty once more. When the palace doors close, the Marseillaise is heard for a moment and a flourish of trumpets. The poor people at the gate start to join in the song.]

PORTER. Have you gone crazy? Shut up! I shall drive you down the village street into your hovels, impudent rabble.

POOR WOMAN. Mr. Porter, Mr. Porter!

PORTER. Well, what is it? What is Mr. Porter to do?

POOR WOMAN. I think it is the sovereign lady's birthday today.

PORTER. Yes, God knows! But this thing seems to take on a different aspect, for now it is midnight, and at times things happen in the world that nobody has foreseen. Things come to life—make room there. I do not understand this—another new guest—

THE POOR WOMAN. Oh, my Lord, another sedan! What is the meaning of these mysteries?

POOR MAN. [*At the iron gate.*] May be there is another bear or rooster inside.

[From a side path comes another solemn procession of uniformed dignitaries and servants escorting a sedan. They approach in silence.]

THE PEOPLE. [*At the gate crying.*] Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

[Servants hurry out upon the steps leading to the entrance. The sedan is carried up to them. From the doors of the palace come gentlemen in military and other official dress. From the sedan steps an

eagle in ermine mantle and walks solemnly erect through the crowd of masters and servants welcoming him with deep courtesies. Everything goes on in absolute silence. The terrace is empty once more. When the palace doors close, the Austrian national anthem is heard for a moment and a flourish of trumpets. The people at the fence start to join in the song.]

PORTER. I want deadly silence here!

THE PEOPLE. Mr. Porter, Mr. Porter!

PORTER. Yes, yes, yes, you'll tear him to pieces, your Mr. Porter! It may have been the birthday of the sovereign lady and the deathday of Tom or Dick, and the nameday of Peter and Paul, and the last day of so many common murderers that were beheaded, and the day of honor of so many gentlemen bedecked with ribbons—but I cannot explain this matter to you. By Jove, your eyes and your ears will have to grow a bit to understand this thing. Here comes a whole string of sedans; this is a real midnight meeting.

THE PEOPLE. [*At the gate calling.*] Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

[*A procession of sedans arrives with dignitaries and servants in uniforms. Gentlemen and valets from the palace hurry out to meet them. The sedans are borne up to the entrance. From the first steps a wolf; other animals from the others, all in ermine mantles. The people explode in new cries of "Hurrah." Deep courtesies are shown. Other national anthems are sung. From the last sedan comes a whale. The terrace is empty once more. The people lapse into silence. As the palace doors close upon the last arrival, "God save the Queen" is heard for a moment and a flourish of trumpets.*

PRINCE KAIL. [*Appearing at the main entrance.*]
Porter, close the park gate well.

PORTER. Yes, sir.

PRINCE KAIL. An important conference is being held here; nobody is to enter uncalled, neither living nor dead. Haha, of course you could not grab the dead by the neck and throw them out, were they to come. [*He goes into the palace.*]

PORTER. Ah, there they are!

[*He stares horrified, a bunch of keys in his hand. A new sedan arrives, absolutely noiseless, specter-like. The iron gateway opens of itself. Dignitaries and valets in uniforms appear, mostly Polish; their heads are skulls. The procession enters the gate and ascends the stairway silently. No reception committee appears to welcome it. From the sedan steps an ermine-clad creature with the skull of a beast of prey; he mounts the steps without sound and disappears within the palace, the doors of which have opened of themselves. Dignitaries and servants disappear in the same spectral manner.*]

When the porter rouses himself from his stupor, crowds of young couples are seen leaving the palace, young officers escorting ladies in ball-dress, moving with a shadow-like silence.

ALL. [*Whispering among themselves.*] Serious times have come all of a sudden, serious times.

THE PEOPLE. [*Joining in the flight of the festival guests, also noiselessly, and whispering confusedly.*]
Serious times have come—all of a sudden—serious times.

PRINCE KAIL. [*He appears with a gruesome laugh. At the same moment the one illumined window in*

the village opens and PETER HEISSLER's big tragic head is seen.] Ha, what uncanny face is that?

PORTER. It is the prophet of evil, Your Excellency—the miner, Peter Heissler, he who always looks up at the sky at dark and stares at the star with the tail which appeared tonight.

PRINCE KAIL. What, a star with a tail! Where? One no longer has time to look up to the sky at night!

PORTER. There it is, Your Excellency; you can see it with the naked eye.

SECOND CABINET MINISTER. [*Appearing hurriedly.*] Somebody is missing, Your Excellency; otherwise the conference might begin. The powers are all assembled.

PRINCE KAIL. Why, of course, you are right; somebody is missing. But listen! Look at the sky; a tailed star is up there—that was not written in the stars.

SECOND CABINET MINISTER. I am mighty glad that we have managed to gather the great powers so peacefully and freely about the green table. And even if for the moment they are only yawning at one another, and winking, and smiling conventionally—

PRINCE KAIL. [*As they are both going toward the door.*] Yes, by Jove, somebody is missing—the main factor. What are we going to do if he does not come? [*Both go out. Deep silence surrounds the palace. The torches on the gateposts are burning low. One goes out. The terrace is empty and dark.*]

PORTER. [*Leaning dreamily against the gate and looking up at the stars.*] It is not written in the stars.

[*Through the darkness a new sedan approaches. It seems like a lantern lit from within. Two work-*

ingmen carry it. Before the closed gate it stops, and a high voice calls from within.]

Open—open—the European Master-Accountant is coming! The great powers are waiting for him.

[The PORTER starts and opens the gate mechanically. The sedan is borne up to the stairs. The EUROPEAN MASTER-ACCOUNTANT steps from it. He is a skinny, dried-up little man with grotesquely furrowed face. He wears a yellow dress-coat with sharply pointed tails; low, black satin dancing-shoes with pointed toes, and black satin knee breeches. He carries a lantern in one hand and a globe in his arm. Cunningly smiling, he leaps out of the sedan and seems of mercurial agility.]

THE EUROPEAN MASTER-ACCOUNTANT. The great powers are already assembled! Hihihih! I am coming—I am coming—I am greatly needed, believe me—greatly needed. Well, well, the deuce!—What may your office be, eh?

PORTER. His Excellency's Prince Kail's first porter.

THE EUROPEAN MASTER-ACCOUNTANT. Ah, well—yes, yes—now, hurry up those stairs. I have everything with me—am indispensable up there—where the white faces the black—the Gospel the Koran;—you know what that means—slave races against master races—the man on horseback against him who carries his bundle of wares on his back—the people who plow the earth against those who plow the sea. My dear porter, they would all grab one another by the throat, until their breath would escape like the wind of a bagpipe. Hihihih! *[He disappears shrewdly smiling and with dancing steps. The PORTER closes the gate behind him and listens. A deaf-*

ening noise is heard as soon as he has entered. A young Jewess comes running up the village street. She stops to look in at the window of PETER HEISSLER, then runs on, and, arriving at the park, shakes the gate violently. When no one appears to open for her, she runs along the iron fence and calls.]

GRUSHKA. Porter, porter; open, open!

PORTER. [*Approaching leisurely.*] Out of the question, Miss. Tonight I cannot admit you—not to the young master.

ENOCH. [*Suddenly stepping out on the balcony and calling.*] Grushka, darling! [*He disappears hurriedly.*]

PORTER. [*He seems intimidated.*] Oh, the young master himself.

ENOCH. [*Appearing at the side entrance to the palace and speaking gruffly to the PORTER.*] Will you open that gate at last—and promptly disappear—no eavesdropping here—understand? You fat hypocrite, liar and slanderer—and close well your window, lest some stones might fly at your head and sand into your eyes. [*The PORTER has opened the gate and disappeared without another word.*] Grushka, darling—you have been running—in your condition. What is it—what's the matter?

GRUSHKA. Enoch, I have had a vision.

ENOCH. Grushka, your breath fails you—although your eyes laugh.

GRUSHKA. I know that you have ever so many noble girls—and that you have turned to Grushka only to while away the time—have admitted her only for a moment into your room to give her a glimpse of paradise. There are trumpet signals in the blood—or from wherever they may have come. From the lips of all people fall hard words. You are a rascal—a sinner—yes, you. [*Suddenly growing tenderly*

sad.] Oh, Enoch—once before you forged your father's name to a check—Why have you again squandered such large sums of your patrimony?

ENOCH. [*Shyly.*] How do you know that, Grushka?

GRUSHKA. Your escapades are talked about by all the people.

ENOCH. [*More shyly.*] And yet you do not scorn me, Grushka?

GRUSHKA. Oh, I have heard the trumpets of the archangels in the air. No, you will have to arm yourself against your own deeds and misdeeds.

ENOCH. [*Looking down.*] Yes, the muscles of my body may grow tense, because I am inconsiderate, capable of doing and of living boldly. Man has only the one irresistible desire to feel himself and to enjoy. We live on earth and not in a cloister. What is wealth for? But I was to be a windbag of words only—to act with my lips only and live in books and papers. I was to live a phantom life, instead of experiencing the full measure of maddening emotions.—But I will not be fettered into following a rut of trimmed desires. I will not be degraded into a tame acrobat performing balancing tricks on the waxed parquet, into a mere juggler of words, courteous, loquacious! I see no other aim than to put myself and my life on the stake and spend them.

GRUSHKA. [*Patting him.*] Shame drives beads of perspiration upon your forehead. You want to defend your misdoings. Seek no reasons for your sins. Ah, Enoch, not because you kiss my feet when they are naked, not because you are rich and of noble birth, while my father is only the poor shopkeeper of the village—he would kill me, if he knew my ways. “When the earth is full of dirt,” says my father, “the sky is as pure as the snow, and pure

as the sky is my Grushka.”—My father may talk as his age understands it; I will after all lay my life and soul at your feet, Enoch.

ENOCH. Whither are you dragging me, Grushka?

GRUSHKA. To that window.

ENOCH. [*Briskly walking ahead with her.*] And what do you want there?

GRUSHKA. [*As they approach PETER HEISSLER’S window, she walks on tiptoes.*] Be quiet, I want to show you a man who is praying.

ENOCH. Hahahaha! [*With muffled voice.*] A man who prays? [*His face assumes an expression of wonder as they both look into the little room with the light.*] No, the man has a strange visitor.

GRUSHKA. [*Clutching his arm.*] Enoch, tell me, what you see; otherwise I might think it was an illusion.

ENOCH. [*Staring in at the window.*] No, it was not an illusion—Grushka; I see it as plainly as you—with ravished eyes. I see the archangel in his armor—sitting at the poor wooden table of Peter Heissler, resting his elbow on the corner—and talking earnestly with the powerful sad old man.

GRUSHKA. Can you understand the words, Enoch?

ENOCH. No, I do not understand the words.—I only see that the prophet of evil, like an astonished child, laughs all over his face—and that his gray eyes are large and shining like moist orbs.

GRUSHKA. Then you see and feel the same as I.—Do you see, too, that the archangel wears armor and has a sword at his side?

ENOCH. Yes, yes, I do, of course.

GRUSHKA. [*She drags ENOCH a little farther along the street. Then she kneels down.*] I love my mother and my father—I love my brothers and sisters—I love my dead—I would have them cut off my fingers

for my brothers and sisters—hands and arms for my father and mother; I would leap into the fire for God—but for you, Enoch [*She has risen with a leap*], for you I would sing and dance in the fire, for you I would tear the heart from my bosom—that throbbing bloody muscle; for you I would hold up my heart with my hands and let drop after drop flow amid anguish and ecstasy—oh, Enoch—because you revolt against the pale satiety of life, I love you as no other thing on earth. [*She kisses him, embraces him, lets go of him, hurries away a few steps and points to the sky.*] The tailed star goes through space. Now quite other deeds and crimes will ripen in your blood—when the high archangels sound the trumpet.

[*Wild tumult is heard in the palace. Two windows opening on the terrace are thrown open wide. From one looks out the bear, from the other the rooster, saying, "Yes, yes, a breath of fresh air—only a breath of fresh air!"*]

VOICES. [*Heard in violent dispute, calling confusedly from all directions.*] What is all this calculating for, if it brings no profit? It ought to be understood that we are not human beings, but powers—we are the great powers—hahahaha—ludicrous—these borderlines of paper and ink—wooden fences—iron fences; between great powers they are breakable fences.

[*A palace door opens. Diplomats and officers file out.*]

THE EUROPEAN MASTER-ACCOUNTANT. [*Rushing out, demonstrating something on his globe.*] Yes, my most worthy gentlemen of the cabinet—and high dignitaries—here is the earth—yes—all this earth

should of course be Russian—hehehe—but it is not yet—no, it is not yet—and of course the European master accountant must be able tolerantly to assume the other standpoint—yes, yes—there is the earth—and this whole earth should really be French—but it is not yet—no, it is not yet—it would be very agreeable, for then the French booksellers could furnish the whole earth with books—the French munition factories with arms—of course not with weapons for war—no, weapons to use among themselves—or this whole earth should be Italian—or Austrian—or German—or mainly English—for the desire of the great powers, you see, my high dignitaries—what is the desire of the great powers, if it did not desire the whole earth—that is the desire of the great powers—that is their desire.

PRINCE KAIL. [*Appearing on the terrace.*] Come back, gentlemen, the conference is to continue. It is cooler in the hall. The blood has been calmed, too.

[*All go out.*]

ENOCH. [*Having fled with GRUSHKA into the shrubbery, he stealthily returns.*] Do you understand what is happening there?

GRUSHKA. Hahaha, what was that; what animals were those that I saw looking out of the windows?

ENOCH. Come, we shall look through the openings of the portieres.

GRUSHKA. [*Peering in.*] Enoch, look—they are seated around the green table; they are not human beings.

ENOCH. No indeed, God forbid; it is the bear, the wolf, the lion, the rooster, the eagle, the whale, all merciless powers, even dead skulls of beasts of prey which attack so much more violently—they are all great powers, and that wiry little fellow, the

European Master-Accountant, talks to them like a waterfall.

GRUSHKA. He talks figures; it is all figures.

[*The doors open again. Diplomats and officials rush out once more, talking confusedly. ENOCH and GRUSHKA disappear.*]

No, no, no, that won't do; we shall never get anywhere in this way. After all we must take into account that there is no longer a Poland between Asia and Europe.

THE EUROPEAN MASTER-ACCOUNTANT. [*Demonstrating his points on the globe.*] Hehehehe, my most distinguished, my most exalted gentlemen, I admit it. Unfortunately there was made a great mistake immediately at the beginning in the division of this stony earth. That mistake is the infamous fact that stretches of land, aye, continents, have grown together. Yes, gentlemen, if this Poland still existed as a mighty dam to stem the tide of Asia—for you see—hehehe—Europe and Asia are the Siamese twins—every one of us Europeans would wish today that they could once more be operated upon. For there is no question Europe would then be a Dorado—if, for example, it could be separated from Asia by an ocean. Listen, gentlemen, an ocean between Europe and Asia! Then the bear would be on the other side of the great war, and we in Europe would be alone once more. We could dispute among ourselves about the advantages—hehehe—an ocean—but that even a European master-accountant cannot conjure out of these hopeless plains. So we must accept the mistake of the earth's division, and seek to reduce it shrewdly to human advantages. [*He loses himself in silent meditation before the globe.*]

PRINCE KAIL. [*Coming hurriedly out of the palace.*] Come in again, gentlemen; a solution must be found after all to our mutual advantage. It does not mean that all problems are to be disposed of once and for ever; is it not so? [*All drift back into the palace. Only the EUROPEAN MASTER-ACCOUNTANT stands a while lost in contemplation of the globe, and talks heedlessly since nobody is near.*] My distinguished gentlemen, there is of course on our earth a whole line of so-called great powers who all want to maintain their dignity, the greater the better; yet there is no greater power, one that affirms more conclusively, than the advantage offered by figures. I have my gold scales; I weigh and weigh; I am going to weigh for you great powers every sand grain of profit—hehehe—for otherwise why should I be called the famous European Master-Accountant?

[*Through the village street walks lonely an archangel who enters the palace gate.*]

THE EUROPEAN MASTER-ACCOUNTANT. [*Starting spellbound.*] Ah, ah! [*He convulsively fingers his hair, drops the globe from his hand and stares at the approaching archangel.*] There comes a higher power. I must immediately—Help!—hehehehe—help! There comes a higher court—hehehe—I cannot move. [*The archangel ascends the steps to the palace entrance.*]

THE EUROPEAN MASTER-ACCOUNTANT. [*Crouching low, laughing to himself.*] I cannot leave the spot—hehehe—

[*The archangel slays him with his sword; his corpse rolls down the steps. Immediately the lights are extinguished. All noise is silenced within. Death-like stillness and darkness reign. The archangel*

alone, surrounded by a halo of light, turns back and walks freely along the road until he disappears. Only the window of PETER HEISSLER still shines as a light spot after everything has been wrapped in darkness.]

PART TWO

Out of deep shadows the morning dawns. Palace and park are deserted. In the village a few lights are seen.

An archangel in armor steps out of PETER HEISSLER's door. The prophet of evil follows him.

ARCHANGEL. [*He turns back to speak.*] I am going to make use of your longing soul, Heissler. You shall be my messenger.

HEISSLER. [*Sad and thoughtful, an old sacred volume in his hand.*] What am I to announce, master?

ARCHANGEL. Your voice of sorrow shall utter the clarion note of war. Let people tremble and weep. War will mow the harvest, and death will grin from mutilated corpses in the fields and the streets and in the habitations of man. And father and mother, brother and sister, parents and children, friends and friends, and lovers and lovers will find one another only in death!

HEISSLER. I announce war, master?

ARCHANGEL. You shall call to war. War will quicken the tamed brute forces on earth, so that they will attack one another, murderer armies against

murderer armies, and nowhere shall there be a spot where even a lamb can peacefully graze,—only armed men all over, only robbers and murderers, whose hand deals the death-blow to their neighbors.

HEISSLER. With my voice of sorrow shall I call war, because you bid me to do so.

ARCHANGEL. Oh, Peter Heissler, you foolish man of prayer, you thought that God bears roses only; you have breathed the sweet breath of your native hills, have feasted your eye on His skies, have imagined the morning sun a sacrificial golden flame meant to ripen the grape, the olive and the wheat, and fill the blood of man with love! In God's name, Peter Heissler, call to war. God is more cruel than brute forces. But when millions die, millions will arise from death. Fear naught, Peter Heissler; fear not the infinite. God is vacant like the ether and vast like the infinite heavens. God is the great incendiary who makes the fire issue from the entrails of the mountains and makes them throw their giant rocks high into the azure. So their colossal fragments are hurled into the valleys of man and bury little mankind. Call to war, Peter Heissler. God is a name of mystery. God is the last secret. Only weaklings would minimize God and make Him human, would carry Him about in their pockets.—Hahahaha, on one side the hand-mirror in which they secretly admire themselves, and on the other side their God!—in order that He may lead their beloved self towards plenty and comfort. No, no, Peter Heissler, God wants to measure eternity. God goes further,—God wants to become living seed through us.

PETER HEISSLER. [*He wants to say something, but he shudders. Then he speaks as if lost in thoughts.*] God is a hand which reaches out towards me from

the heights, and would raise me out of my beastdom, would lead me to the light.

ARCHANGEL. Whoever sees that hand is blessed! But God's body is still a cloud of swirling gray mist, the fearful resonant emptiness, a maelstrom of men who murder one another, and even thou art still a victim only and must drop as seed into the furrow with your vision in your dying eye.

A DRUNKEN MAN. [*He comes up the street, bawling.*] Tralali, tralala. At Augsburg in the Golden Star a waitress is sweet on me. Let me alone—hahaha—let me alone with your counts and princes, and cabinet ministers, and sergeants. Is it the sergeant's business if I spend my starvation wages in drink? I am of age—hahahaha—I am a free man, and if it suits me to spend the night in a ditch, instead of lying down beside a scold—at Augsburg in the Golden Star a waitress is sweet on me. [*He forces himself to steady his steps and staggers into a hut.*]

PETER HEISSLER. [*Painfully brooding, one hand mussing up his hair, the other holding on to the book; without heeding the drunken man who has disappeared.*] My voice is rough. I am an old miner, have spent days and years deep in the earth lying on my back, naked and dripping with sweat, many lonely hours in the dark, with only the light of the little oil lamp, ever silent, no word breaking the monotony of those everlasting strokes of the pick. There my voice hardened and dried up, master, and my voice is only one.

[*Screams come from the hut in which the drunken man has disappeared.*]

A MAN'S VOICE. [*Heard distinctly.*] I shall kill you, woman; I'll kill you! What? You would lay

hands on me? You push me away from the bed! You want to strike me with the poker? You ragged skeleton with the jabbering jaws! You dare to scorn me—

CHILDREN. [*Running out of the hut with cries of alarm.*] Father, you are strangling mother! Father, —father is a brute—father is strangling mother! [*Cries come from within; the children rush back.*] Oh, God,—God help—you strangle mother! You will not, will not let go of her! She is blue in the face,—blue in the face! Help! Help! Help!

PETER HEISSLER. [*With sudden anger.*] Master, will you not help? That brute is committing murder; the monster is killing his wife! [*He hurries into his house and returns with an iron rod. But the ARCHANGEL firmly grasps his arm and holds him back.*]

CHILDREN'S VOICES. [*In the hut.*] Mother! Mother! Mother is dead—mother is dead—mother is dead! and Father, the brute, is asleep, his head on the table. Help, help!

A GROUP OF FACTORY- AND VILLAGE-GIRLS. [*Singing as they pass.*]

Sunday is the day I like,
Lou and I go on a hike,
Lou-ly-lou-ly-lou-ly-Lou
With the eyes so bonny blue.

[*The ARCHANGEL has disappeared. HEISSLER stands alone, the iron rod still in his hand, rubbing his eyes as if awaking from sleep.*]

MRS. HEISSLER. [*Calling from the house.*] Husband, you restless spirit, where are you? Come in. Why don't you rest? Once you have to stop in your prayer, do lay aside the sacred book. All night you

have been again sitting up and burning your lamp, and uttering calls, prayers, and you did not heed an earthly voice! [*She appears on the threshold.*] Peter, awake from your struggle with God; look at the earth. The morning calls the colliers to go down into the mine, and you have had no sleep. The golden morning is there. My God, the golden morning! [*She looks up at the sky.*] The morning calls you, too, to go to work. [*She returns into the house.*]

PETER HEISSLER. [*He speaks absent-mindedly.*] The golden morning is at the door; yes, and there, do you not laugh that war lives in all the streets, and the murderer lies there, lolling over the table, and sleeps as gently as one who died after receiving the victor's crown? No, do not kill one locust only when the whole swarm comes; you must call to the great war! [*He goes into the house.*]

[*Four little VILLAGE BOYS with German flags come singing along.*]

No, no, they shall not have it,
Our free, our German Rhine,
Although they croak like ravens,
Like starving curs do whine!

PETER HEISSLER. [*Re-appearing. He is clad like a beggar, just as he sat all night with bare feet and unkempt hair. He has tied a wisp of straw and a red rag to a pole and he walks out of the house, solemnly past the park gate, calling again and again.*] Flames will start from the housetops like scarlet flags. Starved children will wriggle like maggots between decaying corpses. No help will come! Moaning under the lust of blood-drunken men will women draw their last breath. No help will come! All cries

will hopelessly fade away in the air; all sighs, all moans of anguish will resound in vain. That will be the great war.

[*A group of retired business men comes from the village. SECRETARY SCHALAST is talking with them. All crowd about him eagerly listening.*]

SCHALAST. Of course the rumor is afloat, in the papers, the streets, the offices. You can hear it in all the cafés in the city, on the public squares; and the government, which has to be careful of its gold for war purposes, is in a way to blame—for His Sovereignty has given orders to the post-office and all places where the government makes payments to hold back the gold and pay with bills only.

APTEKA. [*A little man with bent figure.*] Yes, yes, I suppose that is so—if it cannot be otherwise. I am just returning from early mass. I have heard the rumor whisper even through the words of the priest. Yes, yes, yes, my dear Mr. Schalast. War—I beg you to tell us, what does His Sovereignty say to this wretched talk of war? I thought that would have been done away with in our cultured age.

OTREMBKA. [*Shrewdly.*] One should be able simply and clearly to weigh the chances for and against and calculate the profits, for war would be the most senseless waste of money, not only barbarism, the most reckless waste of money.

APTEKA. [*Hastily.*] My dear Mr. Schalast, a child understands that if our national wealth is to increase, we must depend upon a quiet further development of our great cultural enterprises. I beg you: what is to become of our colossal factories when the workingmen here and all over the earth are being killed on battlefields or crippled? What is to become of our machines, our great inventions, if the hands

are not there to work them and perform their functions? And above everything else, we must be sure of our financial resources. The banks must work in peace, for if the nation's currency, the circulation of its financial system, were disturbed—

SCHALAST. Sh, sh—they are all still asleep in the palace. Will you come with me into the rear office? [*They have stopped before the gate.*] You are quite right, Mr. Apteka,—that is, His Sovereignty is surely still asleep. Only the Princess who always suffers from wakefulness may be up and may anger His Sovereignty with her war croaking, you know, painting the devil on the wall, as the saying goes—for the delicate lady likes to do that, likes to prophesy from dreams, that she has seen white and red armies rushing upon one another in battle!

PRINCE KAIL. [*He steps out of one of the doors.*]
[SCHALAST and the men walk past in servile attitude and, bowing deeply, disappear at the other side.
PRINCE KAIL, who has not returned their salute, goes to one of the tables where VALET KASPAR has quietly served breakfast. Another valet brings the morning paper. At this moment ENOCH KAIL appears in the door, in hussar uniform, very reserved, bare-headed, and waits.]

KASPAR. The young count is respectfully waiting.

PRINCE KAIL. What, the young count? Oh, yes. What can one do, if there is only one heir to one's name and he secretly commits indiscretions and wastes his substance with women from the very dregs of the people? Tell the young man—No, tell him nothing—let him stand until he for once feels his blood mount, feels that his father despises him. Let him stand. Tell him the prince did not remember that he had anything more to say to the young

count—anything that had not been made perfectly clear—tell him the prince has duties which make his time valuable—too valuable to waste it upon his son's escapades!

[ENOCH looks at the prince with an embarrassed smile, wanting to say something, but he restrains himself.]

PRINCE KAIL. [*Very calmly.*] For the forger of my name, Kaspar, I am never again at home.

[ENOCH, still with his embarrassed smile, retires without saying a word.]

PRINCE KAIL. But—not a word of this outside of this room, Kaspar, do you understand?

KASPAR. At your command, Your Sovereignty. [*He goes out.*]

ANOTHER VALET. [*Entering.*] Privy Secretary Schalast!

PRINCE KAIL. [*Replying with a gesture of assent, SCHALAST appears with the mail. The prince, seated at the breakfast table, opens a letter. With sudden animation.*] All this rebellious war clamor will unbalance even the most cool-headed man.

SCHALAST. Your Sovereignty will permit me to report that some banks in the towns of Central Germany were stormed yesterday—

PRINCE KAIL. For God's sake! War—to-day? It is easy enough to calculate the advantages simply and clearly pro and con. War would be the most senseless waste of money—not only the most terrible barbarism—the most reckless waste of money. Listen to me, Schalast, the leading men of culture to-day are conscious of their great responsibility. War to-day would be a blasphemy against the welfare of every modern industrial nation; so much the

people know themselves. And as long as I am at the head, my dear Schalast, let all those that would hear it, in my name, immediately know what I have to say, Schalast.

SCHALAST. At your command, Your Sovereignty.
[*He goes out.*]

PRINCE KAIL. [*Eating his breakfast and reading letters, as VALET KASPAR returns. After a while.*] Kaspar, inquire whether the Princess is awake.

MOTHER MARIA SALESIA. [*Timidly coming upon the terrace.*] Her Sovereignty has spent the night in a wonderfully refreshing slumber, such as Her Sovereignty has known only in childhood, and is of an almost childlike gayety.

PRINCE KAIL. [*Rising angrily.*] Yes, only when these incomprehensible people begin to hear about war, pestilence, famine, they get merry. I know that song that one must love suffering, that one must scorn the riches of this earthly world, that rats and mice are always ready to attack honor, power and wealth. [*He walks up and down in wrath.*] Yes, against honor, power and wealth the pious have always repeated the reckless phrases of demagogues.

MOTHER MARIA SALESIA. I thank Your Sovereignty for the compliment.

PRINCE KAIL. [*Still walking back and forth excitedly.*] Oh, nonsense. Don't talk to me of the crowns and the crosses of the world, of your higher life. I should like to see those pampered people some time, when they no longer would know on what silken couch they would sleep and in what marble vault in the royal park their noble bones would be laid to rest. That I say even to myself in self-irony!

MOTHER MARIA SALESIA. [*Backing towards the door.*] I, too, do not understand the cruel and strange obsession of Her Sovereignty. We pious

mothers pray to a gentle Savior, one who is a God of peace, who teaches us to love our enemies. [*She leaves.*]

PRINCESS KAIL. [*Looking out of one of the windows in an upper story.*] Oh, no, one who said plainly: "I did not come to bring peace, but the sword!"

[PRINCE KAIL *stands transfixed, gazing at the window in which she appeared.*]

[*Three archangels bearing scrolls in their hands have come down the village street, entering every house, and then disappearing in the palace without heeding anyone.*]

PETER HEISSLER. [*Calling in the distance; still invisible.*] God is more cruel than animal powers, unlimited as the sky, infinite. Do not fear infinitude. God is the great incendiary. God is the last mystery. God wants to measure eternity. God wills to go further. That will be the great war.

[*Miners and other workingmen, bundles in hand, assemble on the street and form ranks.*]

PETER HEISSLER. [*Calling aloud in the midst of all.*] God is the hand that reaches out from the height for you. Blessed be whoever sees that hand! [*From the palace comes pouring a procession of women dressed as nurses, who hurry away.*]

PRINCE KAIL. [*Rousing himself from his stupor.*] Kaspar, what is going on here? Kaspar!

PETER HEISSLER. [*Unconcernedly calling out into the confusion.*] But God's body is also a cloud of swirling mist, the fearful resonant emptiness, a whirlpool of men that slaughter one another. Awake! Be men; be manly and strong. This will be the great war.

A COLUMN OF RESERVISTS. [*Some wearing soldiers' caps, all with bundles in hand, march by singing.*]

I know a radiant precious stone
In a quiet nook near by;
No jewel like it ever shone
Beneath the wide world's sky.

And God Himself that jewel laid
Into its secret chest;
It is the loyal German heart
That beats within our breast.

[*The men of the village join them, also singing.*]

PETER HEISSLER. [*Crying at the top of his voice.*]
Force against force! Murderers against murderers;
murderous nations against murderous nations! It
will be the great war.

[PRINCESS KAIL, escorted by the MOTHER, hurries out
of the palace in the garb of a nurse and starts to
follow the others.]

PETER HEISSLER. [*Disappearing.*] This will be
the great war!

PRINCESS KAIL. [*Suddenly looking back, she hurries to the PRINCE and with quaking voice.*] Oh, you, prince and master—mankind is never to be tamed. And now begins the great war; now the wild lusts will once more ignore all limits; and you, too, will be once more only an individual man, capable of deeds and of misdeeds, capable of anything; and you, too, will be only a minor victim. Now the time of human sacrifice begins. Farewell, beloved, father of my Enoch!

[*Both the PRINCESS and MOTHER MARIA SALEZIA hurry to join the others.*]

PRINCE KAIL. [*He has let everything pass by him like one stupefied.*] Kaspar, am I crazy? Am I no longer the cabinet minister? Am I no longer the Prince? The world moves of its own accord. What is happening? There is to be war? No, no, there is to be no war. My car! To the king! if the king still is king! Kaspar, is the king still the king? [*He rushes into the palace.*]

ENOCH. [*In the uniform of an officer of the hussars, riding-whip in hand, he comes through the park, as if marching with a company.*]

GRUSHKA. [*She hurries from the village and speaks, alternately weeping and laughing.*] The archangels—the war angels. [*They walk along, GRUSHKA leaning upon his arm. She pats him affectionately, always between tears and laughter.*] Think of me, Enoch. If you should give your last breath, you, Enoch—I still have you, carry you living within me. Kiss me again, Enoch.—You remain with me;—I am bearing you within me, you—and if you die, murdered on the battlefield,—I shall bring you to life again, Enoch.

ENOCH. Do you know, Grushka, that I do not notice at all that I am leaving everything that is past, Father, Mother, the ancestral palace—everything. I am stirred to such depths. I wanted to confess my past to Father. But the past faded away like an empty sound. Now I can no longer look back. —Forger—criminal—spendthrift and gambler! Whoever lays his hand upon the hilt of his sword and looks back, is not sent to the kingdom of God. Now begins the period of human sacrifices. Now I am eager to risk my life. Do not cry, Grushka. You shall be glad and you must laugh. For I am hidden within you [*with a childlike caress*] and you will bear me and guard me—a new little Enoch—one

quite awake, one purified by the hot blood of the beloved.

GRUSHKA. [*Embracing him.*] Enoch, I am your wife and I am your mother. I must remain; a pregnant woman cannot carry stones to hurl at the enemy. I must remain to guard you. Believe me, Enoch. [*He has torn away from her and gone on.*] Only a little farther shall I walk with you—until you mount your horse. Now that the great war flashes upon us, the high archangels swing the scythes and mow the crop. Oh, Enoch, who could hold back another now—who could?

[*They both disappear in the wake of the procession.*]

[*From the village comes a column of infantry singing as they march.*]

A voice resounds like thunder-peal
 'Mid dashing wave and clang of steel:
 "The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
 Who'll guard the Rhine, the stream divine?"
 Dear fatherland, no danger thine!
 Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine.

[*As the song echoes and the stream of people ebbs away, there appear, one after another, THREE PHANTOMS OF HORROR, rat faces with horrible teeth, suggestively dressed, stilettoes at their sides. They are bent and mean looking, their eyes half-closed with cunning, lurking and listening. They have crowns of bones in their hair, girdles and buckles of the ropes by which men are hanged, dangle animal skulls and human bones. They peer stealthily into all the windows of the village.*]

THE ONE. Empty! [*He goes on.*] An old woman in her bed.

THE OTHER. A child in its cradle. [*Going on.*] A swollen, bandaged, motherly face in a feather-bed; an old woman on the bench by the stove.

THE THIRD. A nonogenarian—without teeth—stammers, begging for a merciful end. Women and children accompany the men. Hihihhi, even the royal palace seems empty.

[*As they go towards it, the porter appears on the terrace and goes to the gate, a bundle of keys in his hand.*]

PORTER. Good Lord, the war has been declared. Trumpet blasts from one knows not where, making one's very ears ring. Women and men rush, visionary, to the great slaughter. Well, what do you want here?

THE ONE. [*Grinning.*] For the time being—nothing.

PORTER. Who are you?

THE ONE. [*Grinning.*] Servants, serving spirits, messengers of a superior will. War is our master, war is our employer.

THE OTHER. [*Grinning meanly.*] When the big butchery begins, we help to kill. Hihihhi, we spit secretly into the wounds and poison the blood, the blood of women and children, too—so the earth be once more cleansed of this human pest. Hihihihhi—

THE THIRD. [*Grinning sardonically.*] We carry dysentery, cholera, plague, fevers of all degrees of temperature, hot as hell, with delirium that makes the hair stand on end; insanity we bring, anything you want—anything that dries up the bones. Hihihihhi—

THE PORTER. [*Overcome with terror, sneaks back into the palace.*]

THE THREE PHANTOMS OF HORROR. [*Limping along on their sticks.*] Aha, Mr. Porter, now you have enough, enough of that delectable bill of fare. Hihihih, that was enough for you, Mr. Porter—our delicious bill of fare! Hihihih!

[*As they utter their gruesome laugh, darkness covers the stage.*]

THIRD PART

When the light returns, the village huts and the palace are seen in a state of war. Two Napoleonic grenadiers of the guard are doing sentinel duty before the terrace. In one of the village huts French soldiers are quartered, their bayonets forming a pyramid outside. Some soldiers are standing before the door. Others are playing cards upon the trunk of a tree lying flat before the entrance. Here and there corpses lie exposed. A woman sutler is busy over a barrel of wine. The roar of cannon is heard at intervals.

THE WOMAN SUTLER. Eh, go ahead and thunder—roar. We know—we know that human skulls are the target.

ONE OF THE DRINKING SOLDIERS. Your health, comrades!

ANOTHER SOLDIER. Battle is battle; and war is war. You cannot ask soldiers in battle to throw confetti at one another. Stupid hussy!

[*Other soldiers laugh.*]

THE WOMAN SUTLER. They had succeeded in chaining him to a lonely rock in the ocean. War—war be damned! The great war—they had chained him to a rock, as deserves such a superman.

ONE OF THE SOLDIERS. What are you talking about anyway? At whom are you spitting your venom?

THE WOMAN SUTLER. The great criminal, the great murderer; they had at last chained him to a lonely rock in the ocean, because he wantonly whirled about kings and peoples and perhaps would form a world-state out of corpses. The whole earth is burning beneath his steps.

A GAMBLING SOLDIER. Hahaha, let the old earth burn. Many a better star has burned out its life.

ANOTHER GAMBLING SOLDIER. Don't spoil the lines of your wrinkled mouth, you fair beauty of the canteen, you scolding sausage maid threefold unmaiden by Satan himself—and plucked and handled by hundreds of bloody hands. The battlefield is no nursery; there your bare life is at stake.

THE WOMAN SUTLER. [*Throws a tin cup at him.*] Wretched—hounded—blood-thirsty murderers and incendiaries, all of you!

THE SECOND GAMBLING SOLDIER. Diamond ten, diamond ace—

THE WOMAN SUTLER. [*Furiously.*] Bearded mug of a beast of prey, wildcat in boots and spurs, you cannot tell me that you rejoice in the midst of slaughter.

THE SECOND GAMBLING SOLDIER. Club ace, club king, trumps—shut up your hairy mouth, drunken hussy.

ANOTHER SOLDIER. I'll punch your capacious chest with the butt of my musket, as I did the young lieutenant of the hussars yesterday, who suffocated

at the first gulp of his own blood. [*Cannons are roaring again.*]

THE WOMAN SUTLER. [*Shaking her fist in the direction of the cannon.*] Yes, thunder! Roar—we know that the hangman's axe is over our heads; you would strangle me in beastly lust as any woman of the enemy, damned werewolf—

ONE GAMBLING SOLDIER. There, eat, earth-louse!

SECOND GAMBLING SOLDIER. What? [*He has grabbed the former speaker by the wrist.*] You cur, you sneaky wolf, are you going to cheat when the claw of death has already sunk into your neck? And this damned thing of the rattling bones is grinning at us all?

FIRST GAMBLING SOLDIER. [*He pushes the second away and grabs the cards once more.*] Gold, gold, gold, I must have—as long as I live!

THE WOMAN SUTLER. Hahahaha, gold I must have; for gold one can buy heaven and earth—and God and the devil in the bargain; it is always for gold—gold is the key to heaven on earth—yes.

SECOND GAMBLING SOLDIER. [*Again he seizes the first by the arm and then by the throat. Other soldiers intervene.*] Gold is the key to the heavenly kingdom,—mug of a cheat—

[*They fight.*]

A THIRD SOLDIER. Punch a hole into his skull! Break his head!

[*The first gambler is struck down, while the others shriek and laugh. The cannons roar.*]

A NONOGENARIAN. [*Limping out of the village hut next door.*] Quiet, be quiet, my dear men!

THE FIRST PHANTOM OF HORROR. [*As he looks grinning out of the door.*] Hihih, wait, my dear

boy, wait, you lightfoot. You would run to the pasture, little colt, eh?—Hihihi,—eager to plunge into the fulness of life, eh?—You little fool, you imagine that with your ninety years you have learned in the turmoil of war to dance and frolic to the tunes of music? [*Stretches himself out full length and opens his hand which ends in vulture claws.*] Go and lie down among the dead, sonny; there is no tumult of battle, no cruelty. [*He has seized the nonogenarian by the neck. The old man drops dead.*]

A RAGGED WOMAN. [*Near the park gate.*] There, not even a mouth is closed. When the breath is gone and the soul is fled in the last sigh, the jaws are wide open; the dead look as if they would yawn in all eternity.

[*Other ragged women come straying from the village.*]

A RAGGED WOMAN WITH A CHILD. [*Straying through the gate which is guarded by the grenadiers.*] Oh, sir—

THE ONE GRENADIER. What do you want here?

THE CHILD. [*Whimpering while the mother is searching a corpse.*] Wake the dead —

THE GRENADIER. You cannot wake the dead.

RAGGED WOMAN. [*Whining.*] Bury the dead.

THE SECOND GRENADIER. You cannot bury the dead now, crazy rabble; the battle is raging, for days the battle has been raging, and the dead are piled upon the dead.

THE PORTER. [*He appears in the palace entrance.*] Begone, get out on the fields, dig the roots if you are hungry; this is the park of the palace, and the palace must be well guarded now, for here resides the mighty one.

THE WOMAN SUTLER. [*Tapping a new barrel.*] Fresh brandy, fellow! Drink your fill; let blind rage fire your blood when you get into the midst of the slaughter; then you won't see the horrors, hunted people murdering one another.

MANY SOLDIERS [*Seizing their tin cups and carousing.*] Hurrah for war! Hurrah for the great war!

[*From the window of PETER HEISSLER's hut one of the PHANTOMS OF HORROR looks out. Some of the people recoil at its gruesome grin.*]

THE PHANTOM OF HORROR. Hihihih, you need not be afraid, you starved, bony females; war will eat you anyway. Hihihih, come, come,—I'll only show you a great joke. Come to the window; there he sits.

THE WOMEN. [*Staring in at the window.*] Oh, there are two of them!

THE PHANTOM OF HORROR. Hihihih, sure enough, it is a couple, the decaying corpse of a woman and the great war prophet himself, he who with fear would like to crawl into a mouse-hole—if he only found one. In the meantime he has hidden behind the bed, to get out of the torrent of war. Hihihih—

THE STARING WOMEN. [*Calling.*] Peter Heissler, Peter Heissler, Peter Heissler!

[*From the room comes the sound of inarticulate shrieks like those of an idiot.*]

THE PHANTOM OF HORROR. Hihihih, the decaying corpse of a female, and a male who is crazed with fear. Listen, the prophet of evil bleats like a sheep; he is afraid of the living now. Hihihih, he would rather hold on to the decaying corpse of his wife, since murder is the world's cry. Hihihih.

PANIC-STRICKEN WOMEN. Look, the servants are throwing flowers and laurel twigs upon the stairs.

THE PORTER. Quiet here, begone, get out into the fields; this is the park of the palace.

A FRENCH GENERAL. [*Coming hurriedly from the village towards the palace.*] Where is the mighty one?

SECOND FRENCH GENERAL. [*Immediately behind him.*] More reserves into the firing-line! The center of the enemy must be broken. [*They hurry up the terrace, wishing to enter the palace.*]

A VALET. [*Appearing in the door, with concern.*] The mighty one is dreaming alone in the state-room.

THE GENERALS. [*Undecided, laughing.*] What, what, the deuce! The mighty one dreaming in the lonely state-room?

VALET. [*Mysteriously.*] He is dreaming like a seraph.

GENERALS. Dreaming like a seraph!

[*A crowd of disorganized French soldiers is coming towards the palace and the two generals hurry away with the throng.*]

THE COMMANDING OFFICER. Forward,—not into these huts—forward, I say, forward!

OFFICER OF A COLUMN OF RUSSIANS. Not into these huts; go on, go on; we must reach the wood a hundred meters further; run, march, march!

THE WOMAN SUTLER. Yes, thunder, roar, make the earth tremble. We know that the hangman's axe is suspended above our neck.

[*Wounded German soldiers, Russians, Italians, Austrians, and Scandinavians are being borne in by an ambulance squad.*]

[*A young German officer of the hussars swoons. When the sister of charity bends over him, he awakes.*]

ENOCH KAIL. Sister, come nearer, sister; quick, quick—pluck some green clover for me, some red clover—a bunch of golden clover. Quick, quick! Before death comes! Lay the clover blossoms on my distorted mouth. Death comes; yes, death comes—in this frightful slavery of murder. Death comes— [*He stammers inarticulately and dies.*]

THE WOMAN SUTLER. [*Singing.*]

I sauntered alone on a grassy wold
And heard two ravens counsel hold.
And one I heard to the other say:
Where are we going to breakfast to-day?

Said the other: In that valley's mold
Lies a knight, who is barely cold,
And no one knows where he met his fate,
Not his falcon, his dog, nor his loving mate.

When the feast begins, you sit on his neck,
While I at his bonny blue eyes will peck;
With a golden curl from out his head
We shall line in the autumn our wind-tossed bed.

[*A procession of carriers comes with huge pieces of ox-meat on poles.*]

THE WOMAN SUTLER. Light open fires; hurry up; the slaughterers must be freshly fed; they must get new strength, for the slaughter will last many a day.

ONE OF THE CARRIERS. Hurry up, hustle, light the fires!

THE WOMAN SUTLER. Yes, yes, do not consider so long. Hang the ox-meat on the iron rod over the

open fire so that the fat will soon get crisp and the hunted starved comrades will not have to chew bloody morsels.

[*Other soldiers rush by in disorder.*]

THE WOMAN SUTLER. Have your fill of these dead oxen, that blind rage may fire your blood and you can go on murdering. [*The soldiers eagerly surround the fires and cut chunks of ox-meat. Then they rush on.*] Yes, they have at last chained him to the lonely rock in the ocean. War, damned war—the great war! They had chained him to a rock as behooves a superman, but the great sinner broke his chains again and is among us. Every human being now carries fifty cartridges in his pocket and two hundred cartridges in his linen bag; every cartridge meant for the heart of his neighbor.

A FRENCH GENERAL. [*Entering.*] Where is the mighty one?

ANOTHER GENERAL. [*Behind him.*] Our attack upon the villages in the center has again been repulsed by the enemy.

WOMEN. [*Crowding after them.*] They are laying a laurel wreath upon a golden table.

THE VALET. [*Appearing in the palace entrance.*] Our most inexorable master will appear in a moment.

THE PORTER. [*Driving the women away.*] Away, begone, quiet here; here lives the inexorable lord of war.

WOMEN. [*Looking back with a shiver.*] The inexorable lord—Oh, lord of war!

SOME SOLDIERS. [*Calling.*] The lord of war,—attention—the lord of war!

[*From the decaying palace door, during a flourish of trumpets from the archangels who awaken for a*

moment on high, the Escaped State Visionary comes, a withered man wrapped in a wide gray rag. His face recalls Napoleon. He is barefoot. Iron rings are on his wrists and ankles. Short fragments of chains dangle from them. He seems absorbed in his thoughts.]

PEOPLE AND SOLDIERS. [*Rejoicing.*] Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

PETER HEISSLER. [*He suddenly runs out of his house, wretchedly ragged, almost naked, bleating like a calf, stumbling against the women who, panic-stricken, recoil from him, stops to sound a blast upon a horn, and dropping to his knees, his face turned upward, cries out his prayer.*]

Our Father, who art in heaven,
Hallowed be Thy name,
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done as in heaven
So on earth.—

[*The frightened women are seized by a tremor of terror and bend low.*]

WOMEN. [*Shrieking.*] Oh!

[*PETER HEISSLER is struck by a cannon ball.*]

PEOPLE AND SOLDIERS. [*Paying no attention.*] Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

THE ESCAPED STATE VISIONARY. [*He looks cold, hard, and shy at the crowd; then wraps his ragged cloak about him as if he were cold, and speaks to himself.*] They chained me to a lonely rock in the ocean, until my wrists and ankles bled.—

SOME TIMID VOICES. Oh, he looks as if he came out of a tomb!

THE ESCAPED STATE VISIONARY. They call me the

great criminal. They call me the great murderer, because I dream like a seraph, because my will flies like the arrow of God through the light, sure of its aim, because my will never knew limitations of time or space. Who could place me within a marble vault as one who is dead? I shall live, whether in rusty human chains or bold and free. I shall live, as long as human bodies live and the earth itself breathes.

OTHER VOICES. He looks as if he came out of eternity.

OTHER VOICES. He looks as if he had broken chains and bonds.

OTHER VOICES. Who was it that fettered him?

OTHER VOICES. Perhaps the archangels have broken his chains.

THE ESCAPED STATE VISIONARY. You shudder before me, creatures of earth, and I bring you the salvation of the earth.

[The wounded try to rise. Soldiers and civilians crowd closer. The gamblers have stopped in their game.]

ALL VOICES. *[Crying anew.]* Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

[Through the cries of Hurrah sound louder and louder.]

TORTURED VOICES. Bread!—Bread!—Bread!—Oh Lord,—the corn of our fields is down-trodden—we must starve!

OTHER VOICES. *[Crying.]* We are being slaughtered, brother by brother! Oh, Lord, help, help!

THE ESCAPED STATE VISIONARY. I am force against force, I am destruction against destruction, I am the merciless heart against the merciless heart, I sweep along with the clouds. My mantle of rags flies in the

storm wind, my word is command, my word makes a hundred dead fall bleeding upon the brown soil, my very glance is command;—before it a thousand mounted men with lances sweep like a cloud over the fields and murder; my glance is command—it makes ten thousand murderous bullets whizz through the air and kill, like flocks of birds of prey.

A GROUP OF NURSES. [*Trying to crowd nearer.*] We can no longer dispose of the dying.

OTHER NURSES. We can no longer dress the wounds of the countless that are maimed.

OTHER SISTERS OF CHARITY. [*Calling.*] They are being mowed down, whole companies of them.

[THE ESCAPED STATE VISIONARY *seems to grow bolder with the growing cries of distress.*]

PRINCESS KAIL. [*As a SISTER OF CHARITY, calls.*] We need hospitals, stretchers, mattresses, soft mattresses, air cushions, blankets. The dying are innumerable and all are heroes!

ONE SISTER. [*Calls.*] Oh, Jesus and Mary, have mercy—we can no longer tell the dying about heaven!

THE ESCAPED STATE VISIONARY. [*As if to himself.*] My kingdom is of this world only [*straightening up*]. I come rushing on, like a thunderstorm, light as the breath of fire setting aflame in lurid glare villages and towns. I am the great murderer. I have the boldness of wings, that bears me through all wretchedness of earth—in spite of my rag cloak—a cherub in armor. [*He seizes the laurel on the table.*] Mine is the wreath. [*He places the wreath on his bald crown.*] Mine is the crown!

[*Even the wounded rise from their couches and with a gaze of ecstasy drag themselves closer, and a note of rejoicing becomes more and more audible.*]

Oh, master, radiant master!

THE ESCAPED STATE VISIONARY. [*With a royal gesture he commands silence, which is broken only by the peal of cannons. More freely and like one intoxicated with an idea, he speaks.*] My horizon is as wide as that of the world. A promise is seething in my breast. I hear final choirs vibrate through the air with the exultation of triumph. I hear the jubilant carol of the morning stars. There—there—far, far away! [*The people again strike a joyful war song, but the VISIONARY commands quiet.*] I see the morning light shining; human kingdoms I see—[*There is chaotic rejoicing about him.*] Sunlit, blessed human kingdoms, man peacefully welded to his fellow man, like the serenely sparkling stars! [*Tempestuous rejoicing follows.*]

CONFUSION OF VOICES. We have built for you a golden chariot, radiant superman! [*Amid shouts of joy the chariot is brought forth.*]

THE ESCAPED STATE VISIONARY. Haha, you spirits of servitude, you gray moths, you embodiments of sorrow, I am the great war! [*He leaps swiftly into the golden chariot, while the populace, soldiers, bleeding and wounded, women, children and sisters of charity proceed to draw it and crowd and struggle about the wheels. He has seized the golden scourge and lets it whizz through the air.*] Roll, golden chariot, roll through torrents of human blood! [*He lashes the people that draw it.*] Crushing millions! Haha, I want to drive into the new morning. I will give you all the kingdoms of earth and their splendors—there—far, far in the morning light—the morning light.

[*While the powerful choir of the archangels mingles with the strident whizz of the scourge, lashing*

right and left, the cheering crowd has drawn the chariot on, until it disappears. For a while the echo of the choir and the cheers is heard, while suddenly darkness descends upon the stage. Then the newly resounding choir of the archangels is suddenly joined by a dull requiem sung by human voices and swelling to a powerful crescendo. In the pale twilight, in which the chariot disappeared, a solemn procession looms, skeletons in uniforms marching to the gruesomely swelling funeral strains and filing past in an endless line towards the opposite side until darkness hides them from view.]

PART FOUR

In the darkness, brightened by starlight, the same place becomes visible as in the first three parts. All fences and landmarks are broken down. Of the palace only a fragment of a wall remains, the front entrance and the terrace with a broken statue. A bit of the iron railing still clings to the balustrade. Trees and shrubs are gone. A few bushes seek shelter by a fragment of fence. The roads and the village street are overgrown with weeds. The village itself is a heap of ruins with traces that human beings have sought shelter in dugouts. At the extreme end of the plain is seen a quiet, gentle old priest, FATHER FRANCIS, building a little temple. Silently absorbed in his work, he carries log after log, and fits them together until, in the course of the scene, a little chapel has risen from the ground. It is in the days of an early, bare spring.

A HAIRY CRIPPLE. [*He has a right arm only. He shyly peers out of his shelter. He looks around and, inhaling the air, takes a few steps. He is gray-haired, and is clad in a short, worn-out garment.*] It is still night. The earth seems still quite empty. Everybody still hidden in their mouseholes! There, a deer in the field! [*He pulls a rope out of his pocket, picks up a stone, and makes a sling-shot.*] Wait, I'll go for it with my sling-shot—and get the horned king. [*He throws the stone and suddenly runs out as swiftly as a race horse.*]

ANOTHER CRIPPLE. [*Also hairy and neglected, he looks shyly out of a ruin.*] Was this really one dark and frightful, everlasting night? Or was it only the deep darkness of human sleep? That I would like to know. [*He takes a few steps and attentively surveys the hole in the ground.*] No doubt this is a hole in the ground, and there is deep stillness in the air. If I did not know that it is really a wonderful stillness, I would think that it is the sweetest music, and that the air is caressing like soft hands, women's hands. [*He looks at the sky.*] Well, where am I, anyway? Surely enough, the stars are still there! Have they lost some of their radiance during the great slaughter—or have they left their orbits? No, there they are. They wink—I recognize them all. There is the one firm and unchangeable point. There is still the polar star. [*He turns about and points to the east.*] That must be the place where the sun used to rise after night was over and bring such delightful warmth and bathe everything in golden light. [*He sings.*]

And the day came again through the golden gate
On its beautiful jewelled steed.
And if I am not mistaken, perhaps, after all, we are
to have a new morning. War must be over.

A THIRD CRIPPLE. [*Also in a sad state of neglect, he rises from his dugout and looks around shyly. When he sees the other one standing before his hole, he recoils timidly.*] Oh, there is another human being, just awakened. Hahahaha, also a miserable cripple as I am, with only a stump of an arm with mutilated fingers and with his incisors shot away. He presses his side as if a bullet were in his hip-bone. Only his head has not been crushed. Ha, if my head had been crushed in the infernal butchery, I would now be lying under this sod. [*In the dawning morning other cripples, shyly, one by one, begin to wander about, sticks in their hands, and slouch gingerly over the field.*] And then these greedy cripples might dig me out with their canes and might find a decomposed corpse directly under the surface. [*The other cripple staring at him, he says shyly, yet sharply.*] No, I dare not go out. I do not trust this thing. [*He disappears in his dugout.*]

ONE OF THE CRIPPLES. [*They grope about with their sticks and seem to examine the earth. Then one speaks to himself.*] Right under the surface there are sometimes the most wonderful treasures, not only fragments of bombs, but women's jewelry, fine glasses. Ah, look here! A silver cup! [*He looks about shyly and hides it in his coat.*] Are we still at war, I wonder? I am trying hard to find out. Yes, the hellish noise has ceased, the terrible cry of murder which came sweeping on like a black thunder-cloud and struck me senseless and left me a wretched cripple. One will never understand what war is. [*He looks shyly at ANOTHER CRIPPLE. Walking towards him, he continues to speak to himself.*] I am going to ask my neighbor whether war is over.

THE OTHER CRIPPLE. [*On seeing the approach, he seems suddenly frightened and angry.*] Don't you

come near me. I am not fond of human creatures. You never can tell but they may be planning some treachery.

THE PRECEDING CRIPPLE. I, too, have only one eye and one arm.

THE OTHER CRIPPLE. [*Still frightened.*] By the morning star which still brightly pursues its course, I was a very peaceable man. I was quietly tending my sheep among the clover stubbles and on the meadow. I was a peaceful shepherd of great experience. And of a sudden I have a bayonet in my back and don't know who it is that throws me down into the grass. A few men in uniforms had stealthily come out of the ravine and said that I was their enemy. There I lay until the long night came upon me. Now I have awakened from the endless darkness after all.—But I do not trust—

THE PRECEDING CRIPPLE. Who are you, any way?

THE OTHER CRIPPLE. Who should I be but he who stands before you. Yes, man and beast have to rely upon themselves only; nobody can trust another.

THE PRECEDING CRIPPLE. But you must have had a name.

THE OTHER CRIPPLE. [*While the number of cripples searching the field with their sticks is increasing.*] Surely I did have a name. Yes, yes! But I have it no longer. Don't come so near me; you might try to persuade me that you are an emperor or a general or only a general director—and you would be capable to dismiss me entirely from this earthly servitude. But all that you can do no longer—for since that great mass murder— [*The eastern sky brightens slowly.*]

ANOTHER CRIPPLE. There is the spot where the sun may perhaps be born again. [*A few cripples*

that follow one another on their heels and have come near the two speakers, are busy digging.]

THE CRIPPLE who was once a philosopher. There is the shining uniform of a white knight.

ANOTHER CRIPPLE who was once a blacksmith. He still stretches out his hand from the grave, and there are two rings on it.

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. Those I shall take; ah, that is a splendid ruby! How it glows! Perhaps the morning will break again, since dawn is brightening. Oh, what play of rose-color! Surely a gift from his wife;—he was colonel of the cuirassiers, and a diamond he has, too, of a size, well, well,—what brilliant light! That was surely a gift from his dear little daughter.

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. [*Watching him stealthily and significantly, and examining him from head to foot, as he inspects the rings in his hand.*] Hahaha, a cripple who grows sentimental after his limbs have been torn from his trunk and his one eye is totally gone. Hahaha, how do you know all these tales you are telling?

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. How I know them! Hahaha, how I know my tales! [*His senseless laughter changes to weeping.*] My tears flow. I put these rings calmly on my fingers for after all I have some things to remember, some wonderful things, some really wonderful things—and they have all been murdered by war!

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. [*He comes closer and looks at him more and more curiously.*] What have you been?

THE PHILOSOPHER-CRIPPLE. I was a man, who had wife and child and lived in a peaceful house something like this—no—here—that must have been a

very noble palace. These are ruins of a very noble palace and war has not left much of it. This entrance—haha—surely a prince of the great powers must have resided there with a proud commanding voice. But war has razed everything, the palace and also my house, which so peacefully lay among the hills outside of the city.

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. What were you doing at that time?

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. What is a man to do when he lives peacefully among the quiet hills?

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. You are all the time talking around the point. I do not want to question you about your name. I don't even want to know who you once were, but I do not see that you have never wielded the sledgehammer as I did. If a man has once done that, even the stump of his arm shows that he had powerful muscles. You are a very delicate sort, a tenderfoot, eh? War must have badly frightened you.

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. Me and you and all of us; even the beetles crawling in the grass, even the worms boring in the wood were terrified by war. The beams of the houses creaked and cracked, the walls burst, the shingles on the smallest hut rattled, even the birds in the trees were frightened, everything was stricken with terror. The human beings whose duty it was not to kill the others, knelt and prayed incessantly: "Holy Lord!—God Almighty!" The leaves on the trees trembled with fear, the clouds swept along like race horses, the trees in the woods shook as if they would be uprooted. And only one did not tremble, the emperor of war did not tremble, and there was another who did not tremble—the soul within me did not tremble; the clamor of war did not reach my soul

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. [*While a group of other cripples slowly gathers about them, each approaching shyly, stealthily, and listening to their talk.*] What is all that talk? Why don't you tell me what you were doing, what your occupation was, if you don't want to tell me your name and do not trust my words.

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. If one could have confidence in you.

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. Why not? Do you think because war has split me, too, into several fragments, and one of my arms and one of my eyes are mouldering in the earth—

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. [*Smiling, child-like.*] If one could have confidence in you,—oh, I am longing for one in whom I could have confidence. I am hungry for one whom I could trust.

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. Yes, my God, confidence, it is a problem to be solved.

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. [*Still smiling and child-like.*] Hahahaha, well, I was once a professor of philosophy. I had written the most famous books,—but now all philosophy has reached its end.

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. And yet the sun seems to rise once more, brother.

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. But even such a word as brother you must be very careful to use in these fields, for the brothers who mutually butchered one another have been mowed down right here by the thousands.

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. Hahaha, we can no longer shoulder a gun.

THE PHILOSOPHER-CRIPPLE. Tell me but one thing, is the war over?

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. Yes, the war is over.

ANOTHER CRIPPLE. [*Calls from the distance.*] Be quiet! It is so wondrously peaceful all around. I ask you; do tell me, is the war over?

OTHER CRIPPLES. [*Solemnly.*] Yes, the war is over.

ANOTHER CRIPPLE. Can anybody assure me of it?

ANOTHER CRIPPLE. Yes, war is over. You see all over only cripples and ruins. Here and there stands a lonely hut that has been spared, but in the cities the dogs run after the rats, for those naked-tailed rodents are in abundance. And where the corpses have not yet been devoured by vultures, the air is heavy with smell of decay. But if the sun should, after all, rise again, it will dry them thoroughly, and whatever human flesh, half decomposed, may lie about, well, even the crows have learned to eat it.

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. [*In the center of a group.*] Yes, war is over.

ANOTHER CRIPPLE. [*From a distance.*] Yes, war is over.

ANOTHER CRIPPLE. [*In the distance.*] Why do you stick your heads together before it is day? What new schemes are you trying to concoct? Hahaha! Telling each other nursery tales! Come along; let us rather dig for the buried splendor of old.

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. [*Shyly.*] Ah, even mockery is sprouting once more!

A CRIPPLE in the group. [*Suddenly laughing aloud.*] I guess you folk want to fool one another—to believe in the old nursery tales—even in blessedness and that sort of thing. [*Shouting with laughter, he sprints towards a more distant group and joins in the digging.*]

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. Oh, don't be afraid; I can still wield the hammer with my left arm.

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. [*While they all look with interest at the cripples sneering from a dis-*

tance.] Let us stand behind that statue. For when these cripples return after each has found some old treasure, they will grin at one another and the spark of hatred will be kindled anew, for man is a wolf and lives a life of greediness, as long as he has a single tooth left.

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. And yet you once believed—

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. Did I not have to teach the most wonderful things? I lectured on human philosophy.

A CRIPPLE. [*In an old frock coat and old high hat, who has stood near them all this time; very humbly.*] Oh, even you—something so sublime—

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. I was teaching human philosophy—peace philosophy—with a gentle voice—and with clean hands—in a distinguished, noble manner. I was inspired; fiery tongues seemed to speak from me. Oh, I uttered ideas. The brave boys before me thought that the world was surely released from the old curse of murder.

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. [*Breaking out wrathfully.*] Thundering like mountain torrents, when the primeval tempest hurls millions of fir-trees into the valleys, thus one should speak—not with human breath, but merciless as God himself.

THE CRIPPLE in the old frock coat. [*Very gently.*] Oh, even you, so sublime!

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. [*Again excitedly.*] Angrily, violently, ferociously, mercilessly as God Himself, when he playfully tosses mountains into the air and crushes thirty thousand people in one hand.

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. So did war come and so it silenced the human wolves. [*All suddenly look down as in shame and lapse into profound silence.*]

THE CRIPPLE in the old frock coat. [*Very shyly*

and tenderly.] Yes, yes, yes, war has silenced the human wolves. Perhaps it has also killed with its hammers the God within me, killed Him with a treacherous bullet. Or has war, after all, not dried up my pure source? [*He turns around to take a few steps.*] If I only knew a willow, or a marsh with some reeds. I used to be a member of the cathedral orchestra which always played in praise of God. I must try to cut a reed for a simple little flute and must try, after all, to play another sweet human tune. [*He turns back to the group, saying with his humble smile but in gentle self-irony.*] Good old Vanjka made a whole herd of hogs and a wild boar dance to his flute, and the flutist of the Nile lured the sharp-toothed crocodiles out of the water with his sweet song so that even that robber-tribe for moments abandoned its ugly habits to listen to the gentle music.

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. And yet even you were of those who killed their brother.

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. And so was I.

THE CRIPPLE in the old frock coat. Yes, and I, too.

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. Are you a Frenchman or another?

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. A Frenchman. And you, too, are the son of a nation that was.

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. I am a German.

THE CRIPPLE in the old frock coat. Oh, my God, of course we cannot embrace each other. Yet I can tenderly touch your lips with mine, for my soul is thirsty for your soul—that the light of humanity may again burn in us in a thousand dreams—and grow again—and become faith, trust.

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. [*As the old man kisses him.*] So you are not afraid that you are kissing the old wolf in us?

[THE CRIPPLE *in the old frock coat goes away as if seeking something.*]

A CRIPPLE. [*Carrying an old bag on his shoulder, a stick in his hand, his right foot a stump, he comes singing and laughing.*]

The world is beautiful
When the lilac blooms
And the young beech shines and laughs.

Hahahaha! I was once a dealer in second-hand goods. And I am today a second-hand dealer. Hahahahahah, if you contemplate the meridian of your life and the rags on your stump—Hahahahaha—you can conveniently persuade yourself that the world-spirit has driven you about devilishly; but that is no reason why you should forever whine, gentlemen and fellow-cripples. Hahaha—I once had love affairs, a haystack full of them. Today I live in single blessedness in a wretched dugout. Thank God! And when the day of my demise comes and I close my eyes forever, my flesh can rise towards the sun piecemeal by way of a vulture's stomach! More such a fleshly excrescence of the earth cannot want, eh? Look here, I have collected the most curious things. [*He takes the bag from his shoulder and spreads out its contents.*] There is the evening gown of a woman—to be worn only at court. And here is a gray pearl in a white chemisette—that might be the famous pearl which Caesar once gave to Servilia, or it may be the pearl of Abdul Hamid, or the pearl of Venice which Sultan Soliman received as a gift. I am going to open a museum of precious antiquities in my dugout, gentlemen. And I am going to call a professor to study and explain these excavated treasures. [*He assumes the attitude of a speaker.*] Most distinguished listeners—Hahaha! That wonderful period

of which at the end only funny one-legs survived, that heroic period, that great sublime time when people lived in bold struggles, as long as they bore a sword in their hand, until these swords fell from their hands, not alone, but with half of their arms—
Hahahaha—

And he himself who sang this song,
A sword held in his hand.
All day he fought in the battle's throng,
At night the battle he sang.

[During his song he limps towards his dugout and crawls into it. Other cripples carry their booty into their shelters.]

A CRIPPLE. *[Standing at a distance, he suddenly utters strange shrieks.]* Horridum—horridum—horridum.

ALL CRIPPLES. *[Looking up. The group is startled.]*

THE BLACKSMITH-CRIPPLE. Did something happen to be gay about?

THE CRIPPLE-PHILOSOPHER. The morning is dawning.

THE CRIPPLE in the old frock coat. *[Busy cutting a reed flute; he calls from afar.]* Yes, the morning is dawning.

GRUSHKA. *[Appearing in the distance. She carries a baby at her bosom. She speaks to the child.]* No, no, no, I must shield your young eyes from the light, my child. The morning comes. *[She covers the baby with a thin wrap and walks like an affectionate mother, her eyes on the child as though she did not only bear it in her arms but with her eyes.]*

A CRIPPLE. *[Stopping as if he scented game.]* Ha, a woman, a woman! *[He throws away his hoe.]*

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah for the chase! [*Greedily runs after GRUSHKA.*]

A FEW CRIPPLES. [*Stop him and call.*] Beast! Impudent lout!—Stop!—Reckless beast!

ANOTHER CRIPPLE. Halali—Halali. [*Great commotion arises among the other cripples. They follow GRUSHKA with their eyes; one after another plucks a green twig and tries to pursue her.*]

GRUSHKA walks slowly towards the temple; THE CRIPPLE in the old frock coat tries a shepherd song on his flute.]

ANOTHER CRIPPLE. It is a woman with a child in her arms. It is a mother!

FATHER FRANCIS. [*He has wearily sat down on a log lying in his little temple and fallen asleep, but he awakens at the sounds of life and joy approaching him, and stands erect in the chapel.*]

A CRIPPLE. [*Calling.*] She carries a boy in her arm!

ANOTHER CRIPPLE. See, a little chapel has been built and spring has come to the earth over night.

ANOTHER CRIPPLE. [*Calling.*] She carries the child to Father Francis!

THE JOLLY CRIPPLE. [*He curiously sticks his head out of his dugout, then comes out and attentively peers across the meadow lying in the morning dawn. He, too, goes towards the chapel, gathers a twig, which he twines into a wreath and places on his head, saying merrily.*] Hahahaha, it will surely be a boy again. There is the funny part of it; there is the joke—that the woman conceived another male. Now the son of man lies still in his swaddling clothes—but ere long he may be another general. Hahahaha!

[*While the cripples all crowd timidly towards the chapel, from the distance comes another woman*

who, like GRUSHKA, walks along absorbed in contemplation of the child in her arms.]

THE CRIPPLES. [*Calling.*] War, lies asleep!

OTHERS. The cruel blood has ebbed away.

[*Immediately behind the second woman appears a third woman with a child in the same attitude.*

On perceiving GRUSHKA, FATHER FRANCIS has come close to the steps and stretched out his arms. He goes to meet her.]

GRUSHKA. [*She stops, looks again affectionately at the child, and says.*] Oh, Father Francis, see, the boy Enoch; he grew out of my blood. [*She caresses him.*] Enoch, Enoch! His young eyes have to be shielded from the glare of the sun, Father. How he blinks! The new morning has come, Father. Oh, Lord, from your rich and kind heart pour into the blood of the lovely boy the great love for this poor, beautiful earth! It is my Enoch—

SOME OF THE CRIPPLES. [*Decked with green, they have crowded about the chapel, exclaiming with passionate exultance.*] Enoch; it is Enoch!

OTHERS. [*In merry confusion.*] Horridum, horridum, horridum!

ANOTHER CRIPPLE. Oh, Sir, the great love for this poor, beautiful earth—

OTHERS. It is the son of Cain.

OTHERS. It is the son of Cain, who murdered his brother.

ALL. [*Together in confusion.*] It is Cain's son, Enoch.

[*The shepherd tune of the lonely flute joins the cries, while the whole picture vanishes during a jubilant climax of voices.*]

THE END

A THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

For several years a group of the younger artists in the theatre have felt that there should be a magazine devoted to the purely artistic interests of the playhouse, as distinguished from its commercial and social aspects. Interest in the project has several times flamed, and then waned; but in November the first issue of a new theatre journal will appear, under the title *Theatre Arts Magazine*.

The new periodical is not designed to invade the wider field of the established trade journals, *The Dramatic Mirror*, and *The Theatre*, nor will it attempt to displace *The Drama*. It is intended, rather, to complement these older publications, by supplying the working artist in the theatre with a news medium and a forum for the discussion of new ideas. It will be, in a sense, an expression of the arts and crafts movement as seen in the playhouse. The specific fields to be covered are: the new stagecraft, acting, costuming, poetic playwriting, aesthetic dancing, and theatre architecture.

The editors hope to make the magazine a clearing-house for information about the more technical matters of stage production, as well as a permanent record of the progress of the theatre arts in this country and Europe. It is hoped, too, that it will serve to focus the work of the little theatres and art theatres, which are being established in so many American cities. To this end, there will be four regular news departments: "Progress of the Theatre Arts," "At the Little Theatres," "With the Theatre Artists," and "Book Reviews."

A special feature will be made of the illustrations. While the usual photographs of actresses and of Broadway productions will be excluded, there will be a complete pictorial record of the best designs for settings done in this country. There will be included also costume drawings, photographs of notable new theatres, and occasional diagrams of technical devices.

The general editor will be Sheldon Cheney, who wrote *The New Movement in the Theatre*. The following leaders of the new theatre movement will form a board of contributing editors: Winthrop Ames, Maurice Browne, Walter Pritchard Eaton, Clayton Hamilton, Frank Hersey, Sam Hume, Percy MacKaye, H. K. Moderwell, Ruth St. Denis, and Thomas Wood Stevens. The publication will be put out under the auspices of the Theatre Committee of the Society of Arts and Crafts, Detroit, and the first number will appear on the occasion of the opening of the new Arts and Crafts Theatre in that city.

Those who are launching the project are planning to begin modestly, with a forty-page publication, designed and printed carefully but simply. The subscription price also is modest—one dollar and a half per year.

BRIEF REVIEWS

Duty and Other Irish Comedies; by Seumas O'Brien.
Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 1916.

Whatever the reason Mr. Seumas O'Brien penned these plays—whether for enlarging the drama storehouse of Dublin's Abbey Theatre; or to prove that the best material for plays is the human nature of the most common man; or simply because he could "do" this type best; or what,—these thumbnail comedies really mean in the gamut of "new stuff" that it is no longer necessary for the proverbial tired business man to attend vaudeville and tinkling musical comedy to get his loudest guffaw or the biggest contrast to a drab day at a desk.

Duty and Other Irish Comedies (There is a smile even in the title) is an evening of uproarious laughter. The reader, and we imagine the auditor, rock in their seats as violently as at an excruciating farce, perhaps even more violently, as every person in these plays is comic. Another reason is that we laugh at Mr. O'Brien's amusing Irishmen instead of with the black-faced raconteur of the mother-in-law joke.

These Irishmen are ridiculous and yet they are real. In *Duty*, it is the serious pomposity of Erin's bibulous constabulary, even in the act of tipping on duty, that is an absurd and yet a stubborn fact; in *Jurisprudence*, it is the pliability of the law in the hands of Irish judges and solicitors, and the sober dispensation of rank injustice; in *Magnanimity*, the knack of the Irish to get out of a scrape, ethically or unethically; in *Matchmakers*, his countrymen's passion for their daughters to "do well" in plighting their troth, and the doctrine of any sacrifice for a title and a munificent dowry, but a title at all events; and in *Retribution*, again the inherent instinct to save his own skin, at any costs—which might almost be called a revelation and an indictment of unconscious dishonor.

The Locust Flower and *The Celibate*; by Pauline Brooks Quinton. Boston: Sherman, French and Co. 1916.

The Celibate is "nice," conventional and obvious. With intolerance of witchcraft as a background, the author works out an indictment of the Catholic vow of priestly celibacy, the locus Italy of the 14th century, an indictment effective enough except that it takes her three acts to say her say. There is, however, little in the play but the scenery and the Italian names to suggest the 14th century and Italy. In fact, the argument obtains now and the story would be infinitely nearer our hearts if the scene were New York and the time 1916. A modern day analogy could be drawn off-hand as follows: Almost anything, writing pamphlets on birth control, might be substituted for witchcraft, and a priest, come to hear confession from the girl criminal, who in the dim past had been his unforgotten love, could be presented with the choice of smuggling the girl out, fleeing the country and marrying her, or holding aloof, sticking to the vow and allowing his erstwhile sweetheart to serve a term in Sing Sing.

But mayhap Miss Quinton was only trying to write a little romance of the futile love of a hero and a heroine caught in the dragnet of convention.

Boyhood amours, youthful and full-blown manhood amours, Maeterlinckian atmosphere, movie-drama fade-ins, two abstract lovers of no time and no place, abstractly discussing love in an aromatic forest—these are the properties of *The Locust Flower*. Though perhaps stageable, it is a library drama, and is probably intended as a dramatic treatise on the psychology of love. The Lover recounts to the Living all the "affairs" of his life. The Shades of Memory, Love of Boy, Flame of Desire, Love of Man, and the like appear in the trunk of a tree and explain themselves to the Living, whom the Lover at the moment is pressing to be his mate. Finally, among the Shades there appears the Dead, his deceased wife for whom his love never cooled. Then the Living turns her back, because she cannot rob the Dead, "whose yearning spirit is forever his."

It is an attempt to do a tremendous thing; but the methods are too apparent—and wasn't it Arthur Symonds who said that art must conceal art?

The Hate-Breeders; by Ednah Aiken. Indianapolis: Bobbs, Merrill Company. 1916.

Suppose an enthusiastic and aggressive salesman should attempt to sell a new cheese by merely holding it up for the populace to gaze upon without tasting it; conceive Mr. Bryan writing his speeches instead of orating them; or even imagine Ed. Pinaud refusing to advertise. What would people say?

They would say exactly what they are going to say when they read Ednah Aiken's *Hate-Breeders*. Every rational person, even a chief of police, is a pacifist. Some there are like the editor of the *English Review*, Austin Harrison, who hold that as long as sexual passion exists in human beings, the fight instinct will live with it, side by side; but everybody dislikes war, whether he sees the possibility of its permanent extermination or not. Therefore, at the outset, we agree with the *Hate-Breeders*. Now, above all, Ednah Aiken is a red-hot pacifist, but she is a poor dramatic salesman. In this play, her commodity is "dead." Torn by the fearful agony of mortal wounds, her hero writhes on a bloody battlefield delivering to a dying Belgian an exco-riation of the invisible culprits who devise *casi bellorum*, a logical presentation of how nations could avoid war by preliminary periods of arbitration, and a cool statement of the doctrine of the brotherhood of man, which would befit the calm, calculated rostrum speaker, who had had weeks to choose his phrases and sentences. It is anemic and unconvincing drama. We guess that Mrs. Aiken could write as impassioned and indisputable a monograph on peace as anyone, but might we suggest that dying heroes cannot debate? In this play, peace doesn't "sell." The brand of her cheese is the best on the market, but to sell it to strangers, she must let them sample it.

RECENT MAGAZINE ARTICLES ON THE DRAMA

PUBLISHED PLAYS AND SPECIAL ARTICLES

The Humorous Side of Stage Publicity; by Alan Dale. Theatre, July.

The Theatre That Comes To You. Ditto.

From Comedy to Tragedy; by Helen Ten Broeck. Ditto.

The Story of a Cinderella Man; by Ada Patterson. Ditto.

Some Unwritten Stage History; by Milton Nobles. Ditto.

Stage Scenery in the Making; by H. K. Moderwell. Ditto.

Should the Theatre Give Itself Away? By Alan Dale. Theatre, August.

From *Carmen* to Cookery; by Helen Ten Broeck. Ditto.

The Coming Yale Pageant; by Y. D. Geffen. Ditto.

Solving the Happy Ending Problem; by Charlton Andrews. Ditto.

The Renaissance of True Comic Opera; by Lew Fields. Ditto.

Personal Reminiscences; by Billie Burke. Theatre, September.

Scenery that Helps the Actor; by H. K. Moderwell. Ditto.

The Unappreciated Super. Ditto.

Fortunate Misfortunes of the Stage; by Vanderheyden Fyles. Ditto.

Standardizing an Actress; by Ada Patterson. Ditto.

How the Playgoer Is Protected from Fire; by Robert Adamson. Ditto.

Are Two Heads Better Than One in Playmaking? By Archie Bell. Ditto.

Why Jimmie Powers Came Back; by Helen Ten Broeck. Ditto.

Fallacies of Dramatic Criticism; by Charlton Andrews. Ditto.

Macbeth Novelized. Dial, July 15th.

Slips of the Tongue in Shakespeare; by S. A. Tannenbaum. Dial, August 15th.

Propaganda in the Theatre; by Oscar M. Saylor. Ditto.

660 *RECENT MAGAZINE ARTICLES*

- Tchekov and the East; by Helen McAfee; North American Review, August.
- Ada Rehan: Some Personal Recollections; by Fola La Follette. Bookman, July.
- Selma Lagerlof. Ditto, September.
- Matthew Arnold and the Drama; by Brander Matthews. Ditto.
- Macbeth*; by Bernard Rosenberg. Forum, September.
- The Paradox of the Puppet: An Extinct Amusement Born Anew. Current Opinion, July.
- The Obscure Pioneer of the Newest Art in the Theatre. Ditto, August.
- Nikolai Evreinov—the Bad Boy of the Russian Drama. Ditto, September.
- Glittering Promises of the New Season of the American Theatre. Ditto.
- An Actress in the Making; by Margaret Anglin. Hearst's, September.
- Great Actors with Wonderful Personalities; by Walter Pritchard Eaton. American, August.
- The Salary of Actors—When They Get It; by Rennold Wolf. Ditto, September.
- Color Movies Are Here; by Donald Wilhelm. Illustrated World, September.
- Hazards of the Movies. Ditto.
- John Barrymore (editorial). Everybody's, July.
- The Life of Charles Frohman (serial); by Daniel Frohman and Isaac F. Marcossan. Cosmopolitan, July, August and September.
- Shakespeare in Japan; by Yone Noguchi. Nation, July 27th.
- The Film in Politics. Independent, September 18th.
- Drama for Rural Communities; by Alfred G. Arvold. Review of Reviews, September.
- Communal Playmaking. Ditto.
- The Theatre's New Generation. Literary Digest, July 1st.
- An Italian Hand in Shakespeare's Dramas. Ditto, July 22nd.
- Cruising Theatres of Long Ago. Ditto.
- Norway's New Ibsen. Ditto, August 5th.
- Shakespeare's Nose and Mustache. Ditto.
- G. B. Shaw Adopted. Ditto, September 9th.

- The Age of Reason (play); by Cecil I. Dorrian. Vanity Fair, July.
- The Vogue of the Little Theatre. Ditto.
- The Experimental Theatre and Its Value; by Richard Mansfield, II. Ditto.
- The Passing of the Dramatic Fixer; by Pelham Grenville. Ditto.
- Dual Personalities on the Stage; by James K. Hackett. Ditto.
- The Sombre Sadness of Our Summer Shows; by P. G. Wodehouse. Ditto, August.
- The "Behind the Scenes" Myth; by James L. Ford. Ditto.
- Chinese Shadow Plays. Ditto.
- Early Autumn Attractions for the Theatres of Broadway. Ditto.
- Little Stars that Twinkled in the Dramatic Heavens of Our Youth; by Leander Richardson. Ditto.
- Love Is All Very Well, But*—(play); by Grace Willard. Ditto.
- All About Me; by P. G. Wodehouse. Ditto, September.
- How to Write a Movie Scenario (play); by Arthur Loring Bruce. Ditto.
- The Return of Illusion to the Theatre; by Joseph Arthur Bain. Ditto.
- Triangles: Primitive, Mediaeval, Modern* (play); by Stuart Benson. Ditto.
- The Roadhouse in Arden* (play); by Philip Moeller. Vogue, July 15th.
- The Works of a French Actress in Art and Charity. Ditto, September 1st.
- Seven Arguments for the Success of the New Plays. Ditto.
- Before They Are on with the New Plays. Ditto.
- Bakst Designs for the Pavlova Ballet at the Hippodrome. Ditto, September 15th.
- The Feud of the Schroffensteins* (play); by Heinrich von Kleist. Poet Lore, Autumn Number.
- Shakespeare's Relation to Tradition; by Janet Spens. Athenaeum, September.
- Shakespeare After Three Hundred Years; by J. W. Mac-kail. Ditto.
- Reviews of Current Productions:

662 *RECENT MAGAZINE ARTICLES*

- The Most Talked of Playlet of the Year (*A Night at an Inn*); by Lynde Denig. Theatre, July.
- The New Plays (current productions in New York City). Ditto.
- Mr. Hornblow Goes to the Theatre (current productions in New York City). Ditto, September.
- Youth. Current Opinion, July.
- A Lady's Name*. Ditto, August.
- Six Who Pass While the Lentils Boil*. Ditto, September.
- The Merchant of Venice*. Little Review, June-July.
- 20,000 Leagues Under the Sea*; rev. by George F. Worts. Illustrated World, September.
- Mr. Lazarus*. New Republic, September 23rd.
- Intolerance*; rev. by G. S. Ditto, September 30th.
- Coat-Tales*; rev. by S. W. Nation, August 10th.
- Un Drama Neuvo*. Ditto.
- Seven Chances, Cheating Cheaters*. Ditto, August 17th.
- Turn to the Right, His Bridal Night, Please Help Emily*. Ditto, August 24th.
- The Guilty Man, Somebody's Luggage, The Girl from Brazil, A Little Bit of Fluff*. Ditto, September 9th.
- Pierrot the Prodigal, The Flame, The Man Who Came Back, Mr. Lazarus*. Ditto, September 14th.
- Paganini, Flora Bella*. Ditto, September 21st.
- Cheating Cheaters, The Guilty Man, Coat-Tales, The Silent Witness, Broadway and Butternilk*. Life, August 31st.
- Mr. Lazarus, Flora Bella, Pierrot the Prodigal*. Ditto, September 21st.
- Paganini*. Ditto, September 28th.
- The Return of the Prodigal*. Literary Digest, September 23rd.
- Seen on the English Stage (current productions in London). Vogue, July 15th.
- Seen on the Stage; revs. by Clayton Hamilton (current productions in New York City). Ditto, September 15th.
- The Old Country, The Professor's Love Story, Chu Chin Chow*. Athenaeum, September.
- Hobson's Choice, The Toy Cart*. Ditto, July.
- Reviews of the Printed Play:
- Brieux's Woman on Her Own, False Gods and The Red Robe*. Dial, August 15th.

- Clyde Fitch's Plays; by Archibald Henderson. Ditto, September 7th.
- O. L. Thatcher's A Book for Shakespearean Plays and Pageants. Ditto.
- Dr. Ernest Bernbaum's the Drama of Sensibility. Ditto.
- Frank Harris's Oscar Wilde. Bookman, August.
- Shaw's *O'Flahertie, V. C.* Current Opinion, August.
- Jennette Lee's The Symphony Play; by J. Ranken Towse. Nation, July 6th.
- George Hirschfeld's *The Mothers*. Ditto, July 20th.
- Charlton Andrews' The Technique of Playmaking. Ditto, July 27th.
- Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion, Etc.* Independent, August 8th.
- Lacy Collison Morley's Shakespeare in Italy. Athenaeum, September.

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INDEX FOR THE YEAR 1916.

	PAGE
Actor in England, The, by Arthur Pollock.....	550
Actors to Unionize, by Chester Calder.....	413
Aldington, Richard; Remy de Gourmont.....	167
Arnold, Morris Leroy; Re-enter: The Soliloquy.....	540
Artzybashev, Michael, by Thomas Seltzer.....	1
Artzybashev, Michael; War, a Play in Four Acts, translated by Thomas Seltzer	13
Arvold, Alfred; The Little Country Theatre.....	87
As to Little Theatres, by Broughton Tall.....	560
Bakshy, Alexander; The Cinematograph as Art.....	267
Browne, Maurice; The King of the Jews.....	497
Burrill, Edgar White; Paganism in Popular Plays.....	446
Calder, Chester; Actors to Unionize.....	413
Certain Noble Plays of Japan, by Wm. Butler Yeats.....	481
Chekhov, Anton; On the Highway, translated by David A. Modell.....	294
Choric School, The; by John Rodker.....	436
Cinematograph as Art, The; by Alexander Bakshy.....	267
Common Sense and Playwriting, a review; by Howard J. Savage.....	263
Cournos, John; Feodor Sologub as a Dramatist.....	329
Death, The Triumph of; a play, by Feodor Sologub, translated by John Cournos.....	347
Drama of Japan, The Popular; by Gertrude Emerson.....	385
Drama in Japan, The Popular; by Gertrude Emerson.....	568
Drama, Recent Magazine Articles on the.....	161
Drama, Recent Magazine Articles on the.....	323
Drama, Recent Magazine Articles on the.....	474
Drama, Recent Magazine Articles on the.....	659
Dramatists Critically Studied; by Archibald Henderson.....	133
Emerson, Gertrude; The Popular Drama of Japan.....	385
Emerson, Gertrude; The Popular Drama in Japan.....	568
Ende, Amelie von; Carl Hauptmann.....	582
Fantasy, New York's Christmas; by Grace Humphrey.....	139
Folly of Theatrical Advertising, The; by Annie Nathan Meyer..	99
de Gourmont, Remy; by Richard Aldington.....	167
de Gourmont, Remy; The Old King, a Play, translated by Rich- ard Aldington	207

INDEX

	PAGE
de Gourmont, Remy; Theodat, a play, translated by Richard Aldington	185
Hauptmann, Carl; by Amelie von Ende.....	582
Hauptmann, Carl; War, A Tedeum.....	597
Henderson, Archibald; Dramatists Critically Studied; a Review..	133
Henry, Leigh; Kriegsgefangenensendung.....	399
Highway, On The; A Dramatic Sketch, by Anton Chekhov.....	294
Hull House Players, The Story of the; by Laura Dainty Pelham..	249
Humphrey, Grace; New York's Christmas Fantasy.....	139
Italian Stage Today, The; by Charles Lemmi.....	232
Japan, The Popular Drama of; by Gertrude Emerson.....	385
Japan, The Popular Drama in; by Gertrude Emerson.....	568
Japan, Certain Noble Plays of; by Wm. Butler Yeats.....	481
Joyce, Mr. James, and the Modern Stage; by Ezra Pound.....	122
Kakitsuhata, A Noh Drama by Motokiyo, from the notes of Ernest Fenollosa, edited by Ezra Pound.....	428
King of the Jews, The, A Passion Play; by Maurice Browne...	497
Kriegsgefangenensendung; by Leigh Henry.....	399
Lemmi, Charles; The Italian Stage Today.....	232
Little Country Theatre, The; by Alfred Arvold.....	87
Little Theatres, As To; by Broughton Tall.....	560
Magazine Articles on the Drama, Recent.....	161
Magazine Articles on the Drama, Recent.....	323
Magazine Articles on the Drama, Recent.....	474
Magazine Articles on the Drama, Recent.....	659
Meyer, Annie Nathan; The Folly of Theatrical Advertising.....	99
Meyer, Annie Nathan; The Unchastened Woman, a review.....	285
Modell, David A.; translation of On The Highway, by Anton Chekhov	294
New Books, The; brief reviews of current publications.....	144
New York's Christmas Fantasy; by Grace Humphrey.....	139
Old King, The; A Play by Remy de Gourmont, translated by Richard Aldington	207
On The Highway, a Dramatic Sketch; by Anton Chekhov.....	294
Paganism in Popular Plays; by Edgar White Burrill.....	466
Pantomime, The; by Prince Serge Wolkousky.....	530
Peirce, Francis Lamont; Eugene Walter: An American Dramatic Realist	110
Pelham, Laura Dainty; The Story of the Hull House Players...	249
Playwriting, Common Sense and; a review, by Howard J. Savage.	263
Pollock, Arthur; The Actor in England.....	550
Popular Drama of Japan, The; I, by Gertrude Emerson.....	385

INDEX

	PAGE
Popular Drama in Japan, The; II, by Gertrude Emerson.....	568
Pound, Ezra; Mr. James Joyce and the Modern Stage.....	122
Pound, Ezra; Kakitsuhata, A Noh Drama by Motokiyo.....	428
Printed Play, The; brief reviews.....	149
Printed Play, The; brief reviews.....	463
Recent Magazine Articles on The Drama.....	161
Recent Magazine Articles on The Drama.....	323
Recent Magazine Articles on The Drama.....	474
Recent Magazine Articles on The Drama.....	659
Re-enter: The Soliloquy; by Morris Leroy Arnold.....	540
Rodker, John; The Choric School.....	436
Savage, Howard J.; Common Sense and Playwriting.....	263
Selective Process and the Star, The; by Anne Higginson Spicer..	406
Seltzer, Thomas; Michael Artzybashev.....	1
Sologub, Feodor, as a dramatist; by John Cournos.....	329
Sologub, Feodor; The Triumph of Death, translated by John Cournos	347
Spicer, Anne Higginson; The Selective Process and the Star....	406
Stage, Mr. James Joyce and the Modern; by Ezra Pound.....	122
Story of the Hull House Players, The; by Laura Dainty Pelham..	249
Tall, Broughton; As to Little Theatres.....	560
Theatre Arts Magazine, A.....	654
Theodat; a Play by Remy de Gourmont, translated by Richard Aldington	185
Triumph of Death, The; a Play by Feodor Sologub, translated by John Cournos	347
Unchastened Woman, The; a review, by Annie Nathan Meyer....	285
Walter, Eugene; An American Dramatic Realist, by Francis Lamont Peirce	110
War, A Tedeum; by Carl Hauptmann.....	597
War, a Play in Four Acts, by Michael Artzybashev, translated by Thomas Seltzer	13
Wolkowsky, Prince Serge; The Pantomime.....	530
Yeats, Wm. Butler; Certain Noble Plays of Japan.....	481

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